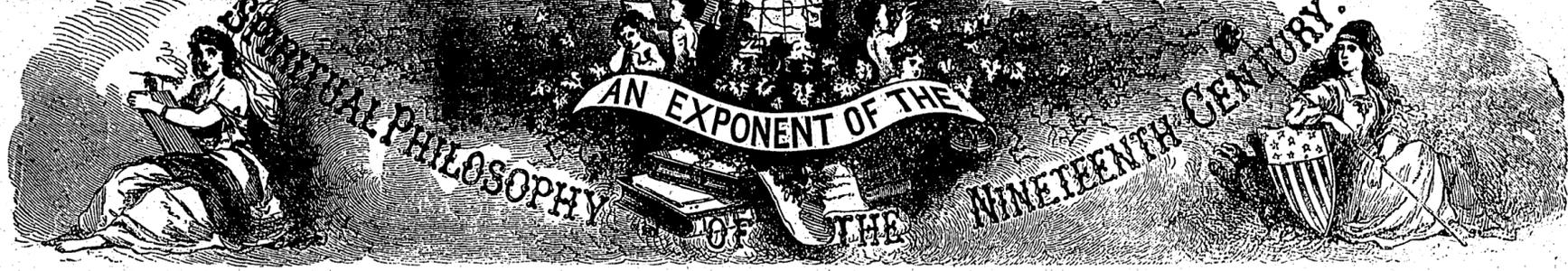


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Written for the Banner of Light.

TWO ANGELS.

BY ANNIE YANKE.

Down 'mid the gloomy streets,
You never may have seen,
Where all the mould of ages meets,
But not a leaf of green;
Where, on the quaint old fronts
Of many a palace, grim
Time his strange arabesques has wrought,
Then breathed their outlines dim;
Where from the windows stream
The banners of decay,
Deep in a hoary street,
I saw two angels meet.

The one was bright with youth,
And gay with buds and flowers,
With violets like baby's eyes,
And lilies white with showers;
And cherub faces peeped
And laughed with sinless mirth
Amidst the flowers, as if their sweets
Were all they knew of earth.
The other, worn and sad,
Yet wondrous beauty bore—
Not outward, 't was the light within
Gleamed through the veil she wore:
And passing each, came one,
'Twixt shadows and the sun.
Beneath his careless arm
A tiny coffin lay;
Within a baby slept,
Unwelcome and unsung;
Life scarce had touched its lips
Ere death had hushed their cry,
And the poor wretch who gave it birth
Whimpered, but scarce knew why.
Ah! happy little day!
Heaven spared the avenging rod;
That mother's arms were crueler
Than yonder velvet sod;
So LIFE and DEATH gave back
The little soul to God.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY REBECCA J. MASON,
Author of "Starving by Inches," &c.

CHAPTER X.

So with Mrs. Stockwell, who now stood alone, with no tie to bind her to earth, save the broad and never-to-be-broken tie of humanity. She had carried heavy burdens, she had suffered her agony in the garden, and still lived on. It was plain that there was work, unfinished work, lying in her path that she was spared to do—that none but her could do. She communed with her own soul. She took counsel of her own heart, and the still, small voice, "the voice of God in the soul of man," spoke louder, and in clarion tones, saying, "Feed my lambs." How should she gather up these timid, frightened lambs, and give them strength and courage to battle with and defend themselves against ferocious wolves? ay, wolves in sheep's clothing, who were lying in ambush all around, ready to spring upon their unsuspecting prey without a warning note? How should she, a woman, gather in these stray lambs, who had been so long uncared for? So long? who had ever been neglected and uncared for? Was that her unfulfilled work? Clearly it was. How should she commence it? And again the still, small voice, answered: "Preach! preach to them! even you, a woman—a woman who standest before the people free from all ties. Give your residue of life, of all your powers, to the salvation of these benighted ones. Go! preach salvation!" And the voice could no longer be resisted.

She knew the cause was unpopular. She knew she stood on burning coals. But she heeded not exterior sounds, exterior influences. She knew that her hand must

"Out away the mast,"

ere the ship could be saved. And she set about her work with a will, and a courage, and a strength, which, until then, had lain dormant. She issued notices that she would give an address before the perishing classes, both men and women, on Salvation. They came forth in crowds to hear this woman, for they were perishing. She took her stand before this sea of upturned faces, met for a moment the full gaze of every eye, thereby absorbing strength, and spoke to them as follows:

"My friends, both men and women, I stand here to address you on salvation. In the first place, let us ask what is salvation? Salvation is the saving one another from evil. Why do we need it? Because the evils have accumulated so rapidly we are well-nigh entombed under their immense pressure. How shall we obtain it? Here, friends, we come to the root, to the heart of the matter. We are to obtain it only by a whole lifetime of work—of earnest, sincere, and, it may be, toilsome, striving, self-sacrificing work.

the people from the wrath of an avenging, angry God. In all ages, the noblest, truest men, have compelled the people to receive their ideas and their remedy; have compelled the people to walk through the fiery furnace for the sins of their vile and corrupt boiles. They have taught that their Jehovah was overcome with anger, and in his wrath destroyed his children with a mighty flood. We shudder at the thought, for our divine inspiration teaches us we have a loving Father, not an angry Jehovah, who leads us through the darkness of discipline, helping us thereby to work out our own salvation. Each one must do his own work in life, none can do it for us. We must take up our cross, though it weigh us to the ground; none can bear it for us.

Friends, shall we look back into the Church's terrible past, and call to mind some of the atrocious deeds of wrong and evil which have sprung from out this false theology, remembering ever that it is the soil from whence have grown our false political and social systems?

We all know that monarchs and tyrants the world over, have taken their tone from this theology. We all know that they have fought bloody battles, have crowned, have uncrowned, have beheaded and executed, and have desolated whole countries in the name of this terrible power.

Has not the Church of our own day, with its sleek, well-fed, big-salaried men in silken gowns, sent its ships to heathen shores, under the command of well-paid pirates, to lay vile hands upon and steal their dark-skinned brothers, and their wives and babes? Has it not brought them across the ocean, packed in holds, chained hand to hand, and foot to foot, and when a storm arose, cast them thus bound into the raging sea to lighten the boat, so it might return in safety, and deliver its remaining victims to their remorseless task-masters?

And then these men of God, so called, stood up in silken gowns, and raised aloft their arms, lumbered with the foolish draperies, and prayed loud prayers in loud, sonorous voices:

"Oh Lord, we thank thee our good ship has arrived, and may our bondsmen, whom it brought, lay out their strength most heartily for us, upon our cotton-fields, and in the rice swamps, and among the canes. Oh, Lord, keep all the crazy Abolitionists, Infidels and Radicals from going south of Mason and Dixon's line. Help our great statesmen to frame laws, even laws rendering back the fugitive to his rightful owner; help us, by the aid of long-headed politicians, to carry our Fugitive Slave Bill through both House and Senate; help us, oh Lord, to fashion with cunning fingers pliant hempen ropes to hang upon the necks of those who seek to steal away our property, for, Lord, we know thou hast commanded thy children, 'Thou shalt not steal.' And now, oh Lord, we would humbly thank thee for those thou didst permit to reach our shores in safety, trusting that those we were obliged to sacrifice to save our ship will find mercy and favor before thy face, albeit they knew not of thee, for thou didst take them before they reached our Christian shores, and had not been taught salvation through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Yes, friends, all this has been done by the church in our own day. Does it make you shudder to call up these deeds of a dark theological past? The Massachusetts clergy could never have advocated, in prayer and sermon, the infamous system which sold and separated families, but for the legislation of the country. So, I tell you, is the whole social fabric based upon the theology that has hitherto controlled us. It bids us not to think, not to reason, not to hold opinions of our own, and not to investigate. Let one dare investigate, straightway he is cast out, a mark of disgrace. So, we that dare defy the Church, we that are strong to stand without its ceremonial props, step quietly forth, although we stand alone. There is no alternative. We cannot serve God and mammon. And then, abjuring the fetters of the past, we look around to find a standpoint from which to take our position. We have shaken the dust of old theology from off our feet, we have repudiated forever salvation from an endless hell, we tear away the veil from before our faces, and look forth ourselves into life. We ask ourselves, Did God delegate to the Church the power to hold our consciences? The answer comes in loudest thunder tones, Never!

As the religious is the deepest and profoundest element in our nature, as it is the strata in which take root and bloom forth the sweet, yet powerful blossoms of social and moral life—if that be truly directed and rightly cultured, we cannot go far astray. For a religious idea how much will be sacrificed! It is the religious element which ever controls all others—the power above all powers! But yet we would make a great, an impassable gulf between religion and theology. Many of the profoundest, the most deeply religious hearts, hate, abhor the doctrines under which it has been set forth. They adore the spirit, but loathe the form which the past has presented.

Thank God! its reign is over! Thank God! it can no more set its foot upon the people's neck! Thank God! it has been dethroned, beheaded, and at last buried deep down under the centuries! For this, oh God, we thank thee: that thou hast sent millions of thine angel messengers, that we thought so far away, close to our faces; that we can feel their touch, can listen to their voices, can see them around us, can know they are, and are here; that they it is, and they alone, who, under thy direction, have brought us out of the darkness of old, unchristian theology, and they who have removed and interred it forever!

And, friends, who have worked out the greatest reforms—who have removed the heaviest burdens under which we have ever groaned? Those who have come boldly out from the churches. Thank God again, that brave men and women, feeling themselves strangling, choking with the loathsome creeds, have had life and conscience enough left, with the aid of spirit-power, to crawl from

its clutches, even at the risk of broken reputations and the threats of endless torment! Thus, we are free from the Church's power.

CHAPTER XI.

What next abused power do we groan under? Abused political power. Were it not for the abuse of political power held in the ever-tightening grasp of politicians, legislators, and the like, the infamous Fugitive Slave Law could never have existed. This party hold the power supreme to rule within their own closed lists, and will not open their hand to share it with their sisters. It is all a monopoly, and monopolies are unjust. Legislation has ever been a one-sided power. Man has worked alone. Hence the imperfections. Now, his higher nature in the shape of woman has been lifted up by the angels from under his oppressive hand, and fearlessly places herself by his side to work with him. Not to rule, not to govern, but to work *equally* with him. Man is cold reason; woman, intuition, conscience. Man is abstract science; woman, philosophy, seeking the causes. When these two are conjoined a perfect whole is the result. But the wheel of revolution goes round untriflingly, and by-and-by woman will sit side by side with man in legislative halls, even in Washington. And then the elements of justice, of tenderness, of mercy, will permeate the great trunk, and be silently absorbed into all its smaller branches and minutest veins, to be felt even in the rulings of little country towns.

Friends, we are to-day bearing and sinking under oppressive social burdens. They are the result of iniquitous State legislation, based, remember, wholly upon a false idea of religion. Think you if the laws upon our statute books were framed in love and justice, there would be need for woman to raise her voice and pen to demand that they be swept clean off the books of authority? Surely not!

Shall I enumerate some of these burdens, of which you feel the weight but cannot analyze the particles that go to form the mass that is crushing you with such gigantic power into the very earth? You do not know the revised State laws you are this moment living under. You do not know that if you become reduced to poverty, and need aid from the State, those in authority can confiscate the proceeds of your labor, can place you in a pauper-house, and then, for slightest deviation from their cruelly unjust rules, can lay the *horsewhip* across your back, place a *gag* between your teeth, confine you in the terrible straight-jacket, shower you most unmercifully till you gasp for breath, shut you up for six days in a deep, damp dungeon, with a single blanket around you, with nothing but the damp, hard bricks on which to sleep, if sleep you can, and when you die place you *naked* in a rude coffin, and bury you in a trench in which four and five others are lowered, without prayer or tear. And the bones of a millionaire *are* brought in pomp across the Atlantic, no more worthy, perhaps, than the bones of the raggedest pauper to whom he once threw a dime. But when the purse and pockets have golden linings, the poor old bones have royal burial!

Ah! friends, we need an angel's hand to lift us higher. We need the infinite and loving breath of the divine pity to surcharge our souls and hold us from judging and condemning. We will not judge, neither condemn; but we must bring to light the great wickedness of Massachusetts State laws.

It is this tyranny of injustice that is oppressing us so fearfully. It is these borrowed laws, copied from off the English statute books when a Scroggs and a Jeffries were in power, that are filling our jails, court-houses and prisons with the poor, ignorant victims of a false society—victims for whom should be built *moral hospitals*, under the charge of the largest hearted, the best educated, the most truly humble and religious men and women of our time, instead of prisons and work-houses, whose cruel tortures would disgrace even a Nero or Caligula.

Let me tell you yet more of the legislation you are living under. You may not know of the unjust imprisonment in our State prison of two poor men shut up there on a false charge of burglary who were pardoned out with a great show of executive kindness upon our last national thanksgiving. It was well known to the officers of the prison that they were innocent of the charge, and Massachusetts should have begged their pardon on her bended knees for this great wrong. These two men have brought a petition before our legislature asking a compensation for this wrong. Will it be granted? That depends upon the legislative conscience. Has the legislature a conscience? We will hope that it has. We will hope that even now a divine influence is permeating the souls of the people which shall make them strong to humanize and elevate the powerful arm of the law into new and continual deeds of mercy and loving kindness.

Friends, let me tell you yet more, that you may see your great need of salvation.

Do you know that you are continually swindled by bank charters, mill corporations, railroad shareholding, and in legions of petty ways, all under the sanction of law? Do you not know these legalized swindlers are eating away the people's money? that the destruction of the poor is their poverty? that there are kingly men and queenly women steeped to the very lips in poverty, men and women who have looked death in the face and quailed not, who would have been glad of a crumb as it fell from a rich man's table, and none gave unto them? And yet we talk of a new park!

Shall we not ask that the seventy-five thousand dollars which the new park will cost shall be appropriated for building homes, comfortable, sunny homes for the women and the children who are to-day living in boarding-houses, in lodging-houses, often without food or fire?—in providing for homeless, hungry men, who are sentenced by our courts to a three months' imprisonment as

ragabonds, only because they are homeless and hungry? The physical wants must first be supplied, before the aesthetic part of our nature can have its development.

Friends, let us ask to work with our brothers—to be school-committee women, common-council women, overseer-of-the-poor women, so that there shall be even-handed justice. Let us ask for a voice in making the laws that control us; then no little boy can be arrested and sent away for long years without seeing his mother's face, for pilfering a newspaper; then no young man can be shut up in prison the best twenty years of his life for passing a few dollars of counterfeit money; then black crimes perpetrated by men in pulpits will not be passed over unnoticed; then black crimes staining the souls of men in low places will not be visited by lynch law, but they shall each be dealt with as moral idiots, whose spiritual nature is as yet in embryo.

It is thus that Massachusetts coils her strong arm around her children, even as the terrible serpents entangled in their snaky folds old Laocoon, the Trojan priest, and his two helpless boys, crushing the life out with their slimy strength.

Will you not, oh women, demand a voice in making laws? Will you not lend your aid to unearth these monsters that are born and reared in the darkness of Orestes, and bring them into the clear light of day? for these children of Nox cannot look upon the light and live.

Oh Massachusetts, we would cover our faces with our hands and mourn with long lamentations at thy enormous wickedness, at thy lack of mercy and justice! Young women, and young men, for what thou callest crime, are sentenced to long years of toil and imprisonment, shut out from home and love, under the cruel tyranny of those whose hearts are well-nigh turned to stone, whose souls are scarred with the abuse of power granted by thy strong arm! Where, oh where, Massachusetts, is thy boasted justice? And yet, we vain would wrap around thee the broad mantle of forgiveness, knowing so well thy theologic ancestry, knowing so well the dark and bitter creed thou didst nurse in thy mother's milk! Yes, we would cover our faces and weep for thee!

My friends, we have no St. George in knightly armor to go forth and slay this dragon of injustice, and pin him to the earth with his lance, and we can spare no more lambs to feed his hungry maw, but we must go forth ourselves and meet and slay, and bind him fast, and utterly destroy him. We must ourselves sweep clean off the statute books the obnoxious laws, by turning on the mighty river of knowledge and education: even as Hercules cleaned out the stables of Augeas, which had thirty thousand oxen in them, and had not been cleansed for three years, by turning on the river Alpheus, and accomplishing the work in one day. We do not expect to do this in one day, but very much can be done in a lifetime.

CHAPTER XII.

Now, friends, we come closer to the very heart of life; the moral forces. And again we find all wanderings from pure morality the result of intricately woven laws of social life, based upon a false political, growing out of a false theological idea. Custom and caste give us about with fine and powerful bands of steel, keen-sharpened on both edges, which cut us till we bleed whenever we try to force the bands asunder.

What two elements can outweigh these forces? Knowledge and education. Custom sanctions or condemns. The law of caste fixes your grade in social life. Conscience is entirely forgotten. One may be never so pure, his motives the highest—and the *motive* should ever be the criterion of judgment—let him swerve from the worn track of custom, straightway the cry, 'An Infidel! a Blasphemer!' and the sharp swords of custom and of caste are turned to hew him down. But if he have large conscience, he will stand firm as a rock.

Customs lead us with tight hard grips withersoever they will, throughout the whole subtle machinery of social life. Our lady at the White House imports her wardrobe straight from Paris, at a cost of eight thousand francs—think of it, ye who are 'starving by inches'—because the courtly dames of Europe wear rare and costly fabrics the New World does not produce. So, our lady must follow the customs in dress, of loftier dames in power.

Our brides in churches wear silk and satin eight dollars a yard, all flounced and frilled, with three useless yards trailing on the ground, and

"The girl whose fingers thine,
Wove the weary 'brideyard' in,"

has scarcely a cotton gown to shield her from the cold and storm.

Friends, we all like to be well dressed. Notice the air and bearing of little children in the street, whose comfortable dress shows them to be girl about with loving care. They run joyously along in the consciousness that they are well dressed. See another class of little ones who walk with slow and hesitating step, trying vainly to conceal their little chilled fingers beneath a ragged shawl, their little bare feet within their tattered shoes. Observe how they turn and gaze with wistful faces upon well-dressed children who go tripping by. This painful consciousness of being thus shabbily dressed, gives them a feeling of inferiority, and lessens their self-respect. As with children, so with the grown man and woman. Let us not over value dress. It has its place, but we would not be such devotees to custom as to set it before conscience and common sense. When none are superfluously dressed, all will be well dressed.

Rich and well-born ladies sweep in and out of costly churches, and the well-fed priest folds his hands and prays, 'Oh Lord, we thank thee we have not a working-man or working-woman within our walls,'—while poor and well-born ladies creep meekly along under the costly shadow, and wonder if there will be caste in heaven. Can you wonder that these poor women and men are the

perishing classes in society? So thundered the voice of the truest man that ever stood in 'Trimountain's Music Hall,' the destruction of the poor is their poverty!

Friends, we need this mighty river of knowledge and education to clean out our cities, to sweep through our halls of legislature, our courts of justice—our courts where the *face* of justice is enacted, till our souls are sick of 'this wrong and outrage practiced in a Christian land,' our city tribunals, which are but barbarous slave-pens, our corporations—no, we will sweep away corporations. Corporations have no souls; and a body without a soul is a monstrosity, and cannot live. We must have the perishing classes fed with knowledge. First, knowledge of themselves physiologically. Teach them the laws of their own being, the laws of health; then, the laws of the various systems throughout social life; next, teach them to be a law unto themselves, teach them the higher law of conscience. Let the foolish fathers and vain mothers put away their properties and vanities, and bring their children into life with a heart and conscience, as well as a brain and stomach. Ay, the axe must be laid at the root. Let the children be generated rightly, and we shall want no priestly men to preach to us of regeneration. We will do our own preaching, drawing our inspiration ever from the divine that is within and around us.

Then, our cities will no longer team with men and women who are the perishing classes, but those who are the intelligent, the powerful classes; for all will have knowledge, all will be well born and well educated; and knowledge and education, tempered with a good conscience, will be power. Then all shall help make laws. All shall do their part of work in the great life of humanity. There shall be no drones, there shall be no caste, like will attract like, and all be free to gravitate each to his own, and not his neighbor's, and all, making a perfect whole, will have no foolish customs to fear, no unjust laws to denounce, no concealed poor-house tyranny and cruelty to root up and bring to light, or enslave our yet unborn children. *This, we must do to be saved.* This is what the unseen forces of the spiritual world are propelling and inspiring us to do. Let us stand forth and acknowledge our belief in this mighty power of the Infinite, as it is this day working for the salvation of the ignorant and the perishing; perishing through that ignorance. Let us bow our heads to this silent, this quiet, yet immensely powerful and divine influence which is flowing over us and baptizing us each day with its still waters of inspiration; let us not grow hopeless or despairing, although the work seems mountain high, but ever listen to the still, small voice, saying, in the deep places of our spirit, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

CHAPTER XIII.

When Mrs. Stockwell had clearly discerned her future course, and had resolved bravely to follow it, she knew, she stood on burning coals which were as yet encrusted by smouldering ashes, and which a breath would fan into a flame. She, as a woman, her bold address, as the thought of a corrupt heart and perverted intellect, were denounced in burning words. The flames were slowly enveloping her, but should scorch not even her garments. She was denounced on all sides; by the press and the pulpit, as a sower of dissension; a disturber of the peace; a reviler of both law and gospel; a breeder of dissatisfaction in a class whose only duty it was to obey the powers that be. A woman who had no respect for law nor creed; a woman with unblinking face, and words all shorn of modesty, who dare stand up and talk of priestly sins, of imperfect justice, of fallings and shortcomings of men in power; of black crimes perpetrated by men in high places, of black crimes staining the souls of men in low places, of denying the accepted rule of salvation, of daring to point out with her woman's hand a new road to heaven, of setting Jesus Christ one side, and declaring men and women of to-day able, through the influence of unseen spirits, to be more powerful than him, and, finally, seeking to corrupt the people with the assertion that the dead are not dead, that they are not quietly sleeping in the grave, waiting for Gabriel's trumpet to sound, but are with us here, with busy hand and active brain, still sharing with us life's earnest work.

What shall be done with her? Is she amenable to law? Not in eighteen hundred and sixty-nine. Alas! we cannot place her in the stocks, we cannot tie her to the cart's tail and lash her through Trimountain's streets, we cannot place the cleft stick upon her tongue, we dare not hang her, and are powerless to banish!

She is a new and stronger edition of that arch-colonist, the famous "Ann," but, unlike her, we cannot arraign her before the tribunal of the Church. God have mercy on her miserable soul! She has swung aloof from Church and State!

'Trimountain's rulers, judicial and clerical, wisely resolved to keep their hands free from all contact with this woman, well knowing that false ideas will, in time, bury themselves; and they daily looked to see her torch reversed and quenched, never again to be relighted.

But they will look in vain. The torch of truth can never expire. It has been changed from hand to hand, but always borne aloft by foremost men and women, lighting whole nations down the dark centuries of time, and, as the ages roll on, the flame becomes clearer, brighter, flashing its light far into the future.

But there were many from whom Mrs. Stockwell received warm words of cheer. The hungry men and women longing and fainting for knowledge gave her most heartfelt thanks.

But the Rev. Sanctiface, who always considered his duty, took counsel with his head deacon and the medical doctor, and one day, after they had made it a subject of prayer, rang her door-bell and sent up cards.

Mrs. Stockwell received them kindly, annoying as she felt the visit to be, and the Rev. Sanctifacio opened the battery.

"Madam, we have heard much of the exceedingly unfeeling address, wherein you have made yourself a mark for standstill shafts, and we feel that you are deeply disturbing the public mind both by your precepts and example. Pray, madam, allow us to ask what your motives are in taking so bold a step, and if you mean it as the precursor of others?"

"Most assuredly, sir."

"But, madam, do you feel no compunctions of conscience in removing the old landmarks from the highways of society?"

"On the contrary, I have but followed the dictates of conscience. When I see duty crumpling to the ground, it becomes my duty to protect the people from being crushed and buried under the ruins; and when I see persons already crushed, bleeding and groaning, it becomes my duty to reach forth my hand and drag them out before they die utterly."

"Mrs. Stockwell," said the head deacon, "will you lay aside figures of speech, which are heathenish, and inform us why you place yourself in this extraordinary position? Do you not see you are making yourself conspicuous in a most unwomanly manner?"

"My object is to teach the people what they must do to be saved, and what they are to be saved from. I care not for personal consequences."

"But do you not see you are losing the respect of the Church, and the opinion of those in high places, and woman's shrinking delicacy of feeling?"

"Public opinion has little weight with me, and as for the Church, I set that under foot many years ago."

"But, Mrs. Stockwell," said Dr. Growingrace, "think of your position. Setting aside the heresies you advocate, you are losing caste in society. Allow me to think that this is but an experiment—an unfortunate one for you, being a woman—I mean your reputation is at stake. Have you taken this into consideration?"

"I cannot say that I have, for, in doing what I consider right, what people say of me is the last thing that presents itself. And as to losing caste, I can live, and not mourn over my grade in society. I pray always to do my work faithfully, in whatever strata of life my lines are cast."

"Madam," said the Rev. Sanctifacio with solemnity, "there is one other point I feel it my duty, as a servant of God, and a teacher and follower of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to reason with you upon, and, if need be, to pray with you. I refer to the views I believe you have not scrupled to promulgate—the views, madam, respecting the return of departed souls. This is dangerous, exceeding dangerous doctrine. Depend upon it, madam, it is a delusion of the evil one, a deception of the human heart, a snare to entangle you. Remember the indictment against the old pagan philosopher: 'Socrates is guilty of crime for not worshipping the gods whom the city worships, but introducing new divinities of his own.'"

Although we do not hold the poisoned cup to your lips, you nevertheless can judge our estimate of your offence. Do not, my sister, do not thus endanger your precious soul. Remember, there is no repentance beyond the grave. 'Ho that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. Ho that believeth not shall be damned.' Brethren, let us pray."

"Gentlemen, you have prolonged this farce until it has become insulting. Once for all, I keep my own conscience. It matters not to you my private views, my religious opinions, my daily life or public speaking. God is my Judge, and, under him, angel spirits my teachers. I waste no words in argument. I keep to my Bible, cling to your creeds; let the Church think for you, and do your reasoning. Go your own way, and leave me in peace. I shall suffer no further encroachment upon my many duties. My time is exceedingly precious, and not to be frittered away in idle talk. Gentlemen, I wish you good morning," and Mrs. Stockwell left the room.

And the three benighted men left the house—benighted, because they would not open their eyes to the light which she had transfigured them—deeply impressed with the truth that their feeble hands and brains were powerless to stay the tide of this new salvation, although presented by a woman, whom in their hearts they could not but respect for sincerity and truthfulness.

As for this woman, who kept nobly on, lecturing, preaching, talking, and working as she saw occasion. And the prayers of those ready to perish was the incense daily offered, and benedictions of gratitude fell upon her head each hour of her life.

She taught the people to work and to pray, to think and to read; she drew up petitions to remodel the laws, she stood before the city fathers and claimed appropriations of money for women who were "staying by inches," she claimed public moneys for homes, bright, sunny homes, for women poor and feeble. She told these men of the poverty, the sickness, growing out of that poverty, the dire want there was in their very midst, and they listened with deepest respect to her words.

So she went on doing her work, carrying over in her hand a box of finest seeds, dropping them continually in wayside crevices, whence they should spring up and bear fruit for a life that shall be everlasting.

Can we not in many a humble way walk in her womanly footsteps?

John Bent had returned to Denby, and found that at every step he must tread upon the dying roots of ancient superstitions which had been drawn out from the hearts of the people, and which now lay shrunken and powerless beneath the great, clear light of a new revelation. The people of Denby could be suffered no longer to carry out their high-handed judgments; and if their future showed no signs of material progress, they could never again return to their theological past.

Spiritualism, with its unseen forces, had taken possession of the town, had conquered the garrison, and would never beat a retreat.

John Bent now felt that he could respond to the cry which, for a long time, had come booming over the water—a great loud cry for spiritual help, which his wife and daughter had told him that none but he could give—and a second time he crossed the wide Atlantic. There, upon English soil, and all through the continent, he found people with outstretched hands to welcome him, and there he worked faithfully and manfully.

And shall we not all take heart, and like this noble man, who, all unskilled in books and colleges, with sunburnt face, and hands browned with toil, was never known to swerve when once his mind had grasped the right, whose new-born soul devoutly thanked his God for this great privilege of working for humanity, may we not all take heart, and feel that even in smallest deeds we can each do a part, that life is made up of small things, the universe itself but a conglomer-

ation of ever changing atoms? Shall we not feel that

"'Tis a little thing to give a cup of water; yet its draught of cool refreshment drained by fevered lips, may give a shock of pleasure. To the frame, more exquisite than when Socrates' juice renews the life of joy in his happiest hours. It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort, which, by daily use, has almost lost its sense. Yet on the ear of him who thought to die unenraged, 't will fall like choicest music."

Let us all feel that we have a part in this great work of life, that none, rich or poor, old or young, can afford to sit with folded hands and indolently gaze upon its workers, knowing that none can do our work, that the Divine has given unto each a portion, he has meted out so much for each life, and filled each cup, some with sweetest wines, some with bitterest aloes, and if our work is not completed in the form, we must remain upon the earth-sphere and finish it when we have left these caskets of flesh. We have no power to change Nature's laws.

THE END.

The Future Life.

NARRATIVE OF A SPIRIT.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—As you are aware, I have often had occasion to declare my conviction that the main object of spiritual intercourse, as now vouchsafed to us, is to reveal to us the nature of the life beyond the grave and roll away from our minds the various superstitions as to our ultimate salvation which the ignorance of the priesthood has imposed upon our credulity. A vast mass of revelation has already been made to us on this subject within the past twenty years, and I have often contemplated the work of gathering them together, and giving them to the world as a whole. I have been deterred from that task, partly by a contemplation of its magnitude and my inability to find the time necessary for it, amid my other numerous and pressing avocations, but mainly because I thought that a fitting time had not yet arrived for such an aggregation of those revelations, that more were coming all the time, and thus preparing the minds of people for the work at a future day.

In the meantime, I have taken pains to gather together a good deal on the subject, and have been instrumental in giving some of it to the world. Hence the value I set on Sweet's publication, "The Future Life," where were many such revelations made in my presence, and hence I have thought it well to suggest to you the creation of a department in your paper devoted to the FUTURE LIFE, to which your numerous readers may communicate what has been given to them on that topic, and thus not only enlighten the present day on that most important of all subjects, but prepare the way for such a final collection as will establish a faith which truth and reason may bid stand fast forever.

To carry out that idea, I now send you—to use if you approve of my suggestion—a revelation from one who was not long since a professor of eminence in one of our colleges, with a mind sufficiently trained and enlightened not only to comprehend, but to describe what he experienced. If this shall be acceptable to you, I will hereafter continue my contributions of the same character, and will entertain the hope that others may follow my example.

Yours truly, J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, May 2, 1870.

The spirit thus spoke through the medium. When I awoke in the spirit-life, I perceived I had hands, and feet, and all that belongs to the human body. I cannot express to you in form of words the feelings which at that moment seemed to take possession of my soul. I realized that I had a body, a spiritual body; and with what beautiful and glorious effulgence of light did I remember what Paul stated in his epistle, that "We are sown a natural body, but are raised a spiritual body." I realized at that moment as I had never done before, the glorious truth of my own unfoldings. I had expected to sleep a long sleep of death, and awake at last at the general resurrection to receive condemnation or condemnation according to the deeds done in the body. Imagine then, if you can, what the surprise of a spirit must be, to find after the struggles of death that he is a newborn spirit from the decaying tabernacle of flesh that he leaves behind him!

I gazed on weeping friends with a saddened heart, mingled with joy—knowing as I did that I could be with them, and behold them daily, though unseen and unknown to them. And as I gazed upon the lifeless tenement of clay and could behold the beauty of its mechanism and perceive the beautiful adaptedness of all its parts to the use of the spirit that once inhabited it, I felt impelled to seek the author of so much beauty and use, and prostrate myself in adoration at his feet.

While thus contemplating the beauties of God's work and lifting my soul from earth and earthly things, I felt a light touch on my shoulder, and—joy unspeakable and inexpressible—I beheld the loved ones of earth—some of whom had long since departed from the earth plane—saying to me:

"Leave these sad and weeping groups of mourning friends, and go with us and behold your future home—your place appointed unto you, and be introduced by us into the society of congenial spirits, who have long known you, while sojourning on the earth-plane, but of whose presence you were ignorant."

And I felt myself ascending or rather floating upward and onward through the airy regions of space, and I beheld in my upward journey worlds inhabited with people like unto them who dwell upon the earth, and ascending from each of these beautiful orbs were freed spirits and their guides bearing me company through the bright realms of immensity.

For a time I floated on without any fatigue, but, ere long, I began to feel weary, and the bright hands of spirit friends, who came to welcome me, bore me in their arms, and I felt myself growing unconscious of surrounding scenes, and I seemed to swoon away. When I again came to a knowledge of my condition and position I found myself by the side of a beautiful and flowing stream. I was all alone. I fancied I had a dream, that this was not all reality, but the phantasies of a sickened brain, and I arose to my feet. The velvet turf at my feet seemed to vibrate with undulations of music along my advancing footsteps. The air seemed replete with sweet sounds, and ethereal voices saluted my ear with the most enchanting melodies. I shouted "Glory to God! This is heaven." It surpassed the highest flight of my fruitful imagination, and my happy soul rejoiced in the sweet assurance of unending bliss in the world of beatitudes.

Though to all appearances alone, I felt I could not be alone when surrounded by such sweet and soul-cheering harmonies. I fell upon my knees. I bowed my face to the earth, feeling my unworthiness of this glorious realization. But again I felt the slight touch, and the silvery notes of a human voice vibrated on my ear, saying: "Arise! Arise! for thou art a child of God, blessed with a

glorious and immortal inheritance, and your Father desires you should stand up in the dignity of a child of his love, and commands you, in the spirit of that love, not to worship Him like an abject slave, but give him the joyous tribute of a grateful heart."

This bright spirit also informed me that I must contribute to the general wealth of knowledge; that there were those beneath my standing and attainments who required elevating, and I must stretch forth the helping hand to some striving, struggling brother, and thus be preparing myself for a higher and more glorious unfoldment, for in as much as I gave to others, I would be the recipient of higher and purer gifts, imparted from the bright and more progressed minds who were nearer to the Father's heart in the approximation to perfection, not dearer to his love, but more unfolded in beauty and in glorious and elevated truths, the fragrance of which reached far over the broad expanse of God's universe and to the heart of humanity, inciting to deeds of virtue and of love.

This, my brother, was my introduction to this Paradise—this land of spirits. I found myself surrounded by splendid temples, adorned with unfoldings of art, and whose walls were decorated by the master hands of those great and ever-to-be remembered artists who had labored upon the earth; for everything that is unfolded on earth hath its life-germ in the spirit-world. There is not a tiny blade of grass that covers the breast of mother earth but what has a never-dying principle of life. We have our oceans and bays and tributary streams. We have our warbling songsters and our flowering meads. We have the fragrance of the flower, but no noxious weeds.

What seems offensive on the shores of time Verres a purpose, glorious and sublime. Even the reptile, that on earth did crawl, That some have said caused man to fall, Is by the great creative art Caused to work a glorious part In this vast and deeper plan For the highest use of man.

It has been supposed by some—and you may be led to infer from the remarks already given—that the resting place of my spirit is far—far away; and to finite minds the distance is immense, but to the freed spirit it is as the twinkling of the lightning flash, as it darts across the vision. You see it, and it is gone. So with the spirit. With the velocity of human thought, we can be in one point of space, and as quick as the flash of the lightning we can be at another. In this respect we differ from those who inhabit this cumbersome clay. And oh! what rapturous freedom is this! When we can answer the heart calls of earth at a moment's notice, and be with you almost as soon as desired!

It is superfluous for me to say that I am happy. It is unnecessary for me to recapitulate what I have often said before, for you know my interest in you and yours is and ever will be unabated; and if I could not behold with the eye of faith your glorious future, I would mourn over your sometimes harassed and perplexed condition in life; but rest assured, my brother, as God is true and cannot err, all these things which seem to be afflicting, are but for a moment, and will work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! For oh, to the hungry man how sweet a morsel is a crust of bread, and to the trial-spirits of time how sweet is the harmonic reception which will greet them in the spirit life!

Then cheer thee, my brother. Oh, do not despair, for a bright world awaits you, and loved ones are there; with true hearts they wait, and with outstretched arms they stand at the portals of yon gate that opens into the spirit-land. There is no death, but all is light, and loving friends await to greet you when you come, a welcome pilgrim to your starry home.

Perhaps some may say, What new truth has been evolved? What new principle has been brought to light by these so-called spirit communications? We will answer: There is nothing new under the sun. God, the Father, in days past, and in diverse manners, spoke unto his children by the mouths of his prophets, even as in this our day does he speak through his sons and daughters, revealing to mortals life and immortality beyond the grave; demonstrating to them the fact that spirits do live, communicate and have existence, after the so-called death of the body. And the same Father hath revealed through his sons and daughters the same glorious truths to his children of this day, and diffused through many channels the knowledge of the truth, and they no longer walk by faith, but by sight; and the children of the Father can learn the grand lessons taught by Jesus, that the true worshippers must worship in spirit and in truth.

Thus the spiritually dead are raised, and in the mouth of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise.

The worshippers of God, to-day, are beginning to understand the true principle of worship, and to walk in the light as become children of the day, and instead of destroying men and women for communing with the departed, they are sought unto by hungering and thirsting humanity, to receive the manna of righteousness and the waters of life, as they flow from the great Father's spirit, through ministering spirits to humanity and immortality, blessing the world.

We find in our advancement in spiritual knowledge the necessity of working out our salvation; of elevating our own spirits to that plane, that we may receive the divine afflatus which is ever flowing out from the Great I Am.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WM. COLLEN BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps The disembodied spirits of the dead. When all of thee that time could wither sleeps And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain, If there I meet thy gentle presence not; Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there! That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given. My name on earth was ever in thy prayer, And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows famed by heaven's life-breathing wind, In the red-roofed city of the glorious shore, And larger movements of the unfeeling mind, Will thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past, And meekly with my harsher nature bore, And deeper grew, and tender to the last, Still it exerts its life, and so no more?

A FEW REMARKS, AND SOME FACTS.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Is it foolish pride, or stupid prejudice, or wicked vanity, or a baleful education, or defective faculties, that causes many persons to disdainfully repudiate what they do not comprehend? We know, when the Christian world was under a priestly despotism, why the system of a Copernicus or a Galileo would naturally be scouted. That the young, whose experience embraces only a decade or two of years of minor duties, of frivolities and faint glimpses of the vast field of knowledge which humbles the scholar, should toss their empty heads contemptuously at Spiritualism, is not astonishing; that they should prefer to walk like apes behind the flimsy veil of fashion rather than adopt the "vagaries" of their respected(?) parents, is, perhaps, not marvelous when we consider the "fast" age in which we live; that they should deem their wisdom superior to that of those who have grown gray in the halls of learning, in large observation and much intercourse with the world, should not surprise us; but when those who claim to be teachers, who stand in the front ranks of the scientific and erudite, either stoop to falsehood or misrepresentation to refute, or shrug their shoulders to vilitate great truths, there is something in it so extremely humiliating, that my faith in "God's image" flickers in its socket; I am in deep abasement, and feel that we belong to a race that four feet and long ears would much better become than the bright white wings and the flowery crown of angels, or even the title of "Reverend" and "Professor."

When we read the ably-written articles on Spiritualism in the North American Review and the Radical, and see the ignorance, the assumption, and the charlatanism out of which these glittering structures rise, we, I think, are more than our wont, prepared to admit the doctrine of total depravity, and that only a great and mysterious process, a sacrifice of some god, can make the authors of said articles fit for the kingdom of heaven.

With such specimens of the genus homo in view, can we wonder that "angels' visits have been few and far between?" Yet, that the celestial messengers do come, that they do revisit the earth, we know. Though I do not myself, as many do, see them in full form with my physical eyes, I have felt their gentle fingers on my own and on my forehead, a strong hand in mine, and here and there, in this way and that, have had such proofs of their divine and happy presence, (with witnesses enough to make it trebly sure,) that nothing but doubly distilled obstinacy, the most obtuse perceptive faculties, a perverse temper or besotted judgment, could withhold assent to their being with me in loving positive existence. Hence I fancy them ever floating in silence over our benighted sphere, sometimes joyous as they listen to the tones of affection that go up from hearthstones they had seemingly deserted, or saddened when their loved on earth had put them far away, buried them in the earth till the "resurrection day," or peat them around the "great white throne." Like the swift-winged petrel, that daintily touches the ocean's surface in its tranquil mood, or calmly skirts the storm-created wave, spirits seem to me to hover over the great ocean of life, and thus to gently impress their presence upon its ever changeable wave of mortality.

I have the following good test, which is worth recording, from Mrs. Packard, a wealthy lady, a good medium, and highly esteemed by all who know her: On the 12th of July, 1862, a Mr. William J. Humphrey, lifting the curtains of his tentid life here, passed over to those bright hills where the angels are encamped. Six years afterward, (in 1868,) Mrs. Packard, her brother, son and daughter, I think, were seated together for a séance, when a spirit announced himself as one who knew them all, but whom none could recall to mind, though he stated that he had died in Fayette street, and gave, on being questioned, the above date of his chrysmatation—the year, the month, the very day. Willing to believe, (for Mrs. P. has ever been surrounded by truthful spirits,) yet no one of the party could say yet remember who the person was. Finally he was asked if he would spell his name? He replied in the affirmative, and proceeded as far as William J. Hum (phrey) before he was recognized. The tardy recognition was partly owing to the fact that Mrs. P. had a son named William J. All now remembered perfectly W. J. H., and of his having died in Fayette street; but, strange to say, all agreed in two things adverse to his statement: that he had been dead a much longer time than six years, and that it was in cold, or at least not in warm weather when his demise took place. One was positive that he had passed away in the winter; and Mrs. P. herself said she would have wagered fifty dollars, had she been in the habit of staking money on any occasion, that there was a mistake in the date. Mr. Packard, quite sure also that at least eight or ten years had elapsed since Mr. H.'s death, went to his (Mr. H.'s) brother's store and inquired incidentally concerning the event, and found that the statement made by the spirit was perfectly correct.

About nine months ago the spirit of a musician who calls himself Plimbert, formerly of Munich, began to give music lessons in my house to a near relative of mine, that is, when seated at the piano in the dark, he would take possession of her hands, and cause her to execute, and with great rapidity, difficult pieces of music, of which she knew nothing, and could not in her normal state have performed, though a player of ordinary attainments. Suddenly the programme was changed; when the lady took her seat, as before, at the piano, placed her fingers on the keys and awaited the professor's influence, her hands would be removed and placed in her lap, and she was informed that she would receive no more lessons till she had been to Cuba, where a relative would, ere long, require her sympathies and affection. A few months afterward came the sad news of a death that not only confirmed what had been implied in the warning above recorded, but another that had been made by the little Charlie Indian, "Pinky," anterior to the former. Now, what is quite odd, the spirits still insist that the lady must and will go to Cuba, and hence refuse to resume the music lessons till their wishes have been complied with. Last Sunday, at a séance at the house of the Mrs. Packard above named, the deceased Cuban, whose demise had been predicted as just stated, manifested himself; and as he did not speak English when in the flesh, he gave his communication in the Spanish language—an interesting and characteristic communication, not understood at all by Mrs. P.—adding his own desire to those already named, that my lady-friend should visit his afflicted widow in the Antilles.

God's beautiful blessings border our pathway—may they not be angels in disguise? Those who view them aright so see them. The blushing flower, the waving tree, the flowing stream, the healthful breeze, are whisperings of an unseen power, developments of an unknown spirit; but most men walk blindfolded among them and see them not; they stretch out their hands and feel

them not; they might as well live in the dungeons under the waters of Venice beyond the "bridge of sighs." The thoughtful on these things inhabit the palace on the other hand. A toad the other day attracted my attention. I took him up and examined the "jewels in his head." They seemed to sparkle and laugh, as it were, in the blessed sunlight. The mighty workings of infinite power and wisdom, even in that little humble hopper in my garden, I laid to heart and was happier.

Albany, N. Y., May 7th, 1870.

SPIRITUALISM TRIUMPHANT.

BY T. L. WAUGH.

However much the opposers of Spiritualism may assail our beautiful philosophy, it is a fact that many are being convinced of its truth, because it is forced upon their attention whether they will or no. Those who have been the most opposed to it have become its warmest friends. They are coming from among the ranks of sectarianism and joining the grand army of progress, who, clad in the vesture of truth, are doing valiantly for the sacred cause of reform.

There are certain individuals who, thoroughly ignorant of Spiritualism, set themselves up as the expounders of this system. Having made but a superficial investigation of the subject, they straightway pass judgment upon it, as though they were qualified so to do. Because some few Spiritualists have been found guilty of immoralities, or what has seemed as such, it has been charged upon the system of Spiritualism. A very unfair way of judging. Suppose that Christianity were to be judged in the same way. A majority of its professors live no better lives than others, as appears evident from their deeds. Yet if they are "sound in doctrine," they are considered all right, and their salvation made sure. Let them not undertake to condemn Spiritualism until they have better reasons for doing so, and until they are more consistent themselves. It is far superior to any of the theological systems, for it is more natural, and presents more reasonable views of religious ideas than the absurd vagaries of heathen mysticism incorporated into the religions of the day.

Those who have emerged out of their darkness into the glorious liberty of a reasonable religion can perceive the superiority of the latter. It does not do away with prayer and devotion, as some have said; but it does away with senseless forms and ceremonies which are of no possible benefit. True prayer is elevating. The soul should look up to God, the giver of all good, and hold sweet communion with Him. In moments of solitude, when the world seems hushed to peace, and all Nature reveals the love of God, how fitting is secret devotion. The spiritual nature is refreshed with the "dews of heaven"; friends passed to the "other shore" beckon us to come up higher—to live nobler lives, so that we may be fitted for usefulness here and hereafter. This is Spiritualism—not such an immoral thing when it is understood. All the good that there is in Christianity is retained, but its errors rejected.

An acquaintance of mine had lost a beloved wife, who had an affectionate regard for her family, and especially for her youngest daughter, a child of three years of age. She felt sad to leave her, but she must go. One night she awoke, begging to go to her mother, whom she saw at the foot of her bed. This was several days after her death. Her father thought it was some hallucination, but she implored him so strongly to let her go to her mother, he began to think she really did see her. From that time he was convinced of the reality of Spiritualism, and is now a believer in it. None of his family had ever heard or known of any previous spiritual manifestation in their midst or in their vicinity. Thus Spiritualism is bound to prevail.

Morris, Conn., April, 1870.

Disgraceful Proceedings—Arrest of J. H. Powell.

DEAR BANNER—I am, as far as I now see, through a process by no means pleasant or profitable, either to myself or the enlightened town of Clarence, Missouri. I was illegally arrested on Saturday evening, whilst lecturing on the science of Psychology, because I refused to be taxed in any sum for my religion. The marshal, by order of the Board, demanded three dollars. I refused payment. Brother E. W. Culver, one of the principal citizens, volunteered to be responsible. It was useless; the orders were "arrest"; the anxious, bigoted. Who ever heard of a like dastardly act? I was arrested before the audience just as I was discoursing on the magnetic spheres. After appearing before the authorities, Bro. Culver was accepted as bail for my appearance before the court yesterday. The excitement was intense, and a great deal of kindness shown toward the prisoner. The hall keeper presented me with the price of the hall, and J. G. Mann undertook my defence without request or fee, a liberality elevating to the profession of which he is a promising member. He conducted the case for the defence with great skill, and demonstrated the entire illegality of the whole proceeding. It was all to no purpose. Senator O. S. Brown, prosecuting attorney for the State, did not fail to impress upon the jury his opinion that Spiritualism was altogether a bug. I claimed permission to address the jury, and touched upon the moral aspects of the arrest, showing that it was opposed to the genius of American institutions, and a barbarism that would not be tolerated in England, with all its aristocracy and vested interests. I further declared that I never intended to pay a tax and never would pay one for the liberty to preach the religion of my soul, or to treat on subjects of science. Senator Brown replied with all the force of his nature, that I had defied God and the jury, and he would see whether I should not be punished if the jury gave their verdict against me.

The verdict was "guilty"; and the fine stated at three dollars and costs. Mr. Mann asked the justice to make out an order for my committal, but he would not, saying that he had no power to imprison me. Thus you may know that I am not in jail, yet a gross and brutal injustice has been inflicted upon me, by the corporation of Clarence, and I have not been able to do otherwise than maintain my own integrity. I could not pay the tax and never would pay one for the liberty to preach the religion of my soul, or to treat on subjects of science. Senator Brown replied with all the force of his nature, that I had defied God and the jury, and he would see whether I should not be punished if the jury gave their verdict against me.

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Peace with the Indians.

The reader of the present issue of the Banner will not omit to refer to the Address, on the sixth page, of the United States Indian Commissioner to the American People, through the President of the Commission, Peter Cooper, and the Secretary of the same, Edward Cromwell. It lays open to view, at a single glance, the perilous situation of the country in reference to a general Indian war—protracted, bloody, and barbarous on both sides—and urges upon the Government, and upon the people who support the Government, the employment of extreme judgment, great patience, and all proper means, especially the keeping of faith on our part, for suppressing the present tendencies to outbreak and performing all our pledges in the interest of unity and peace. The convention was held at Cooper Institute on the 18th, that took this most important matter in charge, and what then and there fell from the lips of the distinguished speakers we trust will operate with power upon the minds to which it is particularly addressed.

As but a single, and now a fresh illustration of the wrongs deliberately practiced on the red men, we need do no more than allude to a transaction which our contemporaries of both political parties, and on all sides of us, are to-day vigorously discussing. Only a few years ago, the Osage Indians owned a considerable tract of land in southern Kansas, some eight millions of acres in extent. This tract of a tribe, once powerful and numerous, and that occupied and owned with their related tribe, the Kaws, the entire territory of Kansas and a large part of what is at present Indian Territory, is now reduced to but four thousand men and women. Our Government has repeatedly recognized their original ownership of Kansas by treating with them as its owners. At length they were crowded down, by the encroachment of the white settlers, into the comparatively narrow space they now occupy.

Even there, however, they are not suffered to live in peace. The envious eye of the white settler has spied out the fertility of their chosen spot, and he has resolved to wrest it from him at any cost. The modes employed are perfectly simple: during the hunting season, and while the warriors are absent, they rush in and occupy the acres owned by the Indians, till the same, and are discovered there when the red men return from the hunt. It is natural that the latter should be dissatisfied at such a state of things, and if he ventures to make complaint he is roasted, when open fights ensue, and another Indian outrage is telegraphed in hot haste all over the country. Although the Osages hold their present lands by the conditions of a solemn treaty, twenty thousand settlers have persistently managed to get within their limits, and have squatted on some of their choicest lands without leave from any one. It is, of course, a private intrusion, but practically the effect is precisely the same as if it were authorized and encouraged by the Government.

Just now, however, the case is passing from the hands of individuals into those of the Government. The Senators from Kansas, with the Committee on Indian Affairs, come forward and propose that the Government shall resume full control of the reservation occupied by the Osages! They throw a solemn treaty, to which there are two parties, entirely behind their back. What could be the motive that prompted such a scheme, if not selfishness underneath? It is a railroad job that lies poorly concealed below. Not that we would not have railroads everywhere, but we are not called on to build them by fraudulent means. These Osage lands are coveted by the projectors of six railroads, and they want to pay just twenty cents per acre for them. The lands are in fact worth to-day from four to five dollars, being well watered and excellently timbered. There was a pretense of making a treaty with the Indians for these lands a short time ago, the proposition being that one-half of them should be sold by the United States for the sole benefit of their owners, the latter first ceding them. It was thought in the Senate that the Indians had never fairly consented to this proposal, which was the reason of its not being ratified at the time.

But now the Kansas Senators and the Committee on Indian Affairs come forward with an increased claim, and demand that not only one-half, but the whole of these lands shall be sold, ostensibly and professedly for the benefit of the Osages. But how for their benefit, if they are not in any case to receive what the lands are worth, or anything like it? The whole benefit is of course to accrue to the six railroad companies, who want these lands, and are determined to have them if possible. What are the supposed benefits of railroads, in comparison with injustice so glaring as this? What can that civilization be called, that permits itself to do an act of this character, in the name of improvement, and progress, and every good thing? It behooves us to send missionaries to China and India, does it not? With such black practices as this laid at our very door? It is Senator Morrill, of Maine, who has exposed the iniquity of this proposed transaction, which is to be a lasting disgrace to our Government and people. Along with the rest of the scheme, and the most cruel of all, it is proposed that the Osages, after being thus despoiled of their lands, shall forever leave the State!

Though this iniquity has been shown up in public, the Senate Indian Committee have nevertheless reported a bill precisely as the land-grabbers would have it, and with all the wicked provisions in it that characterized the measure proposed upon the hollow treaty referred to. This is one of the plainest and most forcible illustrations the country could have of the causes of our Indian troubles, and shows distinctly for what we are continually in hot water with the red men, and why there is such a loud and emphatic protest continually going up from the justice-loving part of the people, against the repeated wrongs allowed to be practiced on the native of the plains. We have but to deal justly and all will be well.

Miss N. B. Batchelder will please accept our thanks for a beautiful bouquet of flowers for our Free Circle table.

The Napoleonic Dynasty.

Notwithstanding grave doubts have been expressed as to the genuineness of the reported plot to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon, late foreign files contain details which disclose that a most formidable conspiracy has for a long time been forming under the immediate charge of one Baur, the principal agent of the plot, a young fellow of some twenty-two years of age, born in Spain, of French parents—a man of energetic and resolute character, who, by changing his residence daily, long eluded detection. Expert detectives, however, after two days of vigorous search, discovered not only the whereabouts of the culprit, but everybody with whom he was in communication. At the time of his arrest he had just alighted from his carriage and turned his steps toward a house of ill-fame, where he had passed the preceding night. Just at that moment the Commissary of Police, who had been following him from early morning, went up to the conspirator and addressed him by his Christian name, and while Baur, who was thunderstruck with surprise, was endeavoring to remember the name and face of his interlocutor, the officer gave a preconcerted signal, and several of his deputies, who were concealed near at hand, rushed forward, seized the hands of the culprit and pinioned them behind his back. They took from the prisoner a letter from Flourins, also a six-shot revolver, and a rough draft of a note written by himself and addressed to Flourins, in which he asked for money, and added: "The amputation will take place on the 26th, in the evening. I am ready." Flourins also recommended him to disguise himself as a soldier, in order to fire on the Emperor. The bombs, by which means the murder was to be accomplished, prove to have been of the most dangerous and deadly description ever known, even rivaling those invented by the celebrated Orsini. Each bomb is divided perpendicularly into two halves, which, when united, form a figure somewhat resembling a thick cake with a hole in the center. The upper and lower cavities are ribbed inside and pierced with eighteen holes, to which can be adapted nipples and caps, or nails with the heads inside. The interior of this terrible instrument contains four glass tubes, a quarter of an inch in diameter and four inches in length, which are filled with fulminating powder. The mere shock of a fall would be sufficient to break the glass and produce an explosion. The amount of explosive material which each one of the bombs is capable of containing is sufficient to spread destruction in a circle of at least thirty yards around, and the force with which the fragments would be discharged is sufficient to kill instantaneously.

The arrest of the chief malefactor and the exposure of the plot, may seem mysterious, but are direct proofs of the revelations and promises made by those who have passed to the other side of life. In the book entitled "Strange Visitors," given through the clairvoyant mediumship of Mrs. Henry J. Horn, and published in New York by Carleton (which, by the way, is having a rapid sale), among many other interesting and characteristic messages from various translated celebrities may be found one from the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. At the present time, when the French nation by an enormous majority has decided in favor of the "piblisette," which provides for the succession of the son of Louis Napoleon (thus insuring the imperial course), together with several liberal reforms, the message given by the first Napoleon seems eminently verified, and very appropriate for quotation on our part. The book was put forth in 1869, and ever since (as before) the Emperor Napoleon has pushed forward successfully his schemes of reform, though surrounded by a thousand obstacles, and the truth of the spirit's utterances is at this time especially demonstrated in the promised defense from assassination.

Napoleon Bonaparte.—To the French Nation.—Triumph shall be yours upon the Napoleonic banner. Napoleon, the Fir is dictator to Napoleon, the Third. By my side stands Josephine. We were not destined to part eternally. In Louis Napoleon Bonaparte her blood and mine conmingle. Restez-vous, non patrie; Napoleon shall decide aright. No, petit garçon, Napoleon le Grand will place you upon the highest pinnacle of power. Fate is inexorable. The decrees of destiny are more potent than the wisdom of man. France and Napoleon are indissoluble. The star of Bonaparte is destined to shine yet for the next half century. None but a patriot shall rule France. No proud Austrian, nor weak and haughty Bourbon shall damn their colors from the palaces of France. No, my countrymen! he who serves you, who leads your armies to victory, who raises you, citizens to distinction, he whose courage is undaunted, he who has the power of prescience—is Napoleon. When Louis shall join me, his spirit and mine will still animate the Bonapartes who shall come after us. Repose entire confidence in his discretion. Napoleon the Third lives only for France. You cry for liberty of speech and liberty of the press. But liberty is anarchy. Would you demand liberty for the army? Without a head to guide and control it, the army of France would be a scourge.

Through calamity the most depressing, the hand of destiny has led Louis Napoleon to the throne of France, and against sickness and disease, against the hand of the assassin, and against vilifications of his enemies, it will hold him there, firm. His time has not yet come. Before he bids adieu to life he will secure an able leader for France. I give him my hand. I embrace him in spirit. The shadow of Napoleon attends him by day and by night. Adieu, NAPOLEON.

Hon. Robert Dale Owen.

This well-known and long-tried apostle of free thought and untrammelled reason, fresh in the field of labor—though the shadows of years are falling around him—as in the days of his youth, visited our free circle one afternoon last week, and listened attentively to the words of those who have passed to that "other world," about which he so eloquently discourses in his "Footfalls." He expressed himself as highly pleased with what he saw and heard, and in conversation with Mrs. Conant, after the circle, took occasion to reflect in terms of the highest commendation upon the work she was doing, and the influence for good exerted by the Banner of Light upon the spiritual cause.

We are informed that Mr. Owen is preparing to add another to the numerous list of mental laborers he has already performed, by the publication of a volume entitled, "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next." This book will appear sometime in the summer or fall of 1871, and cannot fall of being of a highly interesting and spiritually profitable character.

Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

We would call the attention of the Spiritualists of Massachusetts to the Convention to be held in the Melancon, (Tremont Temple), Boston, on Thursday morning, afternoon and evening, May 26th. Business of importance is to be presented, and it is hoped that there will be a full attendance of persons interested. Prof. William Denton will address the Convention, either at the afternoon or evening session, and other good speakers are expected.

A Libel Nailed.

A Pharisee—for his language betrays him—had written from Hammon, N. J., to the Index on what he is pleased to style the "free-lovelism" of those who hold the theory of Free Religion, making sundry base assertions in his communications that were not entitled to the room they occupy in any paper. But the editor of the Index saw fit, in his charity, to let the writer run round the full length of his own tether, that he might possibly disarim him by his calmness and patience in reply. We give the reply in full, because it embodies some excellent thoughts on the whole subject of Free Religion, and summarily silences the buzzard class of slanderers who persist in imputing to all believers in Spiritualism the practices with which they prove themselves to be familiar. This is the well-stated reply of the Index:—"It is no part of our aim to build up Free Religious organizations. Where these are needed they will build themselves up. Fully realizing the enormous power of organized bodies, we shall rejoice to see men and women associating for the purpose of mutual improvement and common service, the fact being that they plan themselves into absolute liberty of thought and conscience. But we have no faith in 'tests of fellowship,' even moral tests. If we undertake high and noble work, low and ignoble souls will give us a wide berth. We all go each to his own place. We do not propose to keep Free Religion in the hands of those who will use it to enslave mankind! It is our business to teach and live it as well as we can—not to pull wires in the interest of any organization bearing its name. We need not 'keep it'—it will keep us. It will fill us with such deep disgust at what is monstrously called 'free love,' but ought to be called 'free lust,' that the licentious will shrink away from our hands. We feel no fear that bad men or women will abuse the principles we advocate. What can they do with these principles except to grow daily better under their influence? We seek to plant the love of truth, the enthusiasm of humanity, the devotion to ideal purity, the fearlessness of free conviction, the faith in great ideas and moral goodness, in every human soul; and shall we dread lest these be prostituted to vile ends? These are Free Religion; and when they once strike root in the soul, they bear perpetual fruit in 'practical plans' and practical efforts for human welfare. We would plant the seed—the eternal laws of God will bring the harvest."

We suppose there is no use in trying to confute or silence the predetermined persistence of these Pharisees, in charging "free-lovelism" upon Spiritualism. Such vile fellows will continue to do it as long as it suits them. They know that for the present it pleases certain leaders and influential parties in Old Theology, and their vanity is tickled by the notice they temporarily attract. The true Spiritualist, it is not necessary to say in all plainness of speech, never was what is styled a "free lover," and never can be. It has answered a good turn for those who would check the spread of our holy faith, to hurl such allegations at the heads of all professed believers. A Free Religion like ours has nothing whatever to do with free love. It is neither based on it, supported by it, nor afflicted with it. We do not deem it worth the while for any pure mind to exert itself to prove its purity; that will inevitably show for itself. More professedly nothing. And another thing: it might be understood by any person of ordinary penetration, that those who seek to cloak their vicious practices with a professed connection with some religious faith, invariably choose a faith that is the purest.

Sunday in the Library.

The last hearing on the petition to throw open the Public Library of this city on Sundays, was held on Tuesday last before the committee of the City Government. As the petitioners had been allowed to present their case on previous occasions, the final session was given up entirely to the remonstrants. And they came out in the plenitude of their moral powers—they came dragging their heavy artillery—the Law and the Prophets—behind them. They came with the thunders of Sinai roaring against their devoted heads. Their inspiration was borrowed from Leviticus, and their highest reason rested in the Puritanic law. Nothing was brought forward by them but the old humdrum objections to the petition that had done service so many times before. Especially was "the sanctity of the Sabbath" proclaimed and declaimed upon. If the Bible (Old Testament) is not to be enforced as divine law in Boston, said they, then we will see what dependence is to be placed on human law! Very pretty reasoning indeed. How long can a free community live with comfort and in peace on a basis of that sort? The meaning of such language is—if these people, the petitioners, are not willing to respect the Sabbath—our Sabbath—we would have them, we will proceed to force them to do so by law.

Such is the spirit of the religion that is professed by those who engineer the opposition to the present liberal movement. One gentleman, a leading merchant, said that he "stood squarely for the Sabbath." As he looks at the Sabbath, he of course means. But what if some other gentleman does not stand "squarely" by the Sabbath, using the speaker's rule and plummet as the standard of measurement? What is to be done then? Why, nothing but make him do it. It is to be appreciated a very easy way. It has been tried again and again by the Church, but what are the results of such an experiment? The fact is, the whole object of the remonstrants, who represent decaying Old Theology, is to compel other people, outnumbering themselves by thousands and tens of thousands, to file into their fold, wear their collar, and speak their shibboleth. Less than that is accounted sin. And as these obstinate individuals believe in predestination and election as essential parts of their theological creed, they are quite willing that all who will not obey them shall go to the "devil." They hope, at any rate. Now we want to know if the common, reasonable wishes of an intelligent community are to be set aside to gratify the bigotry of these would-be rulers?

Cosmology.

This work, by George M'Ilvaine Ramsay, M. D., is having an extensive sale and attracting a large share of attention in scientific circles. It has been freely criticised and reviewed, pro and con. The positions taken by the author are new in many respects, but the motto of the book, "First of all learn to be just," should be borne in mind by all who may peruse it. The mighty themes of astronomy and geology, with their varied ramifications, are herein carefully considered, and the "idea of the origin of diurnal motion" given, will, if true, as the author says, "revolutionize the whole empire of thought." All interested in the scientific investigation of Nature and her revelations, will do well to add "Cosmology" to the contents of their libraries.

Another Contribution from Judge Edmonds.

In the present issue of the Banner, on the second page, will be found an interesting article under the head of "The Future Life," contributed to these columns by Judge Edmonds. We hope our friends will heed the suggestion made by the Judge.

"It's almost Morning Now."

We give below an account which is going the rounds of the public press, owing its origin to the St. Louis Republican. While the story of the poor girl, driven by desertion into a life of shame, followed all her days by the psychological influence (or obsession) of her former mate—that "dark-stern man"—in the spirit-world, is plain, and readily accounted for by the Spiritualist, who, listening to the imprecations of his faith, learns charity to the fallen, the necessity of avoiding temptation, and the unfilling balance of compensation which in another existence shall come to every soul in exact proportion as it has acted its part in this—it is inconprehensible to the ordinary class of newspaper readers, and is seized, as any sensational paragraph might be, flies momentarily, winged with the love of the marvelous in humanity, and then drops like a spent arrow, turned aside from its true mission by the thick breastplate of popular prejudice.

But let us gratefully acknowledge the gradually broadening views of the world at large; let us give thanks that, socially and theologically, in the words of the lonely, dying outcast from society—"It's almost morning now!" The clouds which have blinded for ages the mental vision of mankind to the incompleteness of social laws and customs for the defence of the rights of the weak and erring in this life, and the incompetency of the Orthodox scheme of salvation for that which lies "beyond the veil," are rolling away; and the solemn starlight of the varied churchal organizations is falling in the radiance that streams from that land of glory whither this poor, spiritually persecuted wail has passed on.

A STRANGE DEATH-BED.

The facts connected with the death of Sarah Gladstone have been kept quiet and away from the public, but have excited a very deep interest among the few medical men and others acquainted with them. There appears, however, no object in further secrecy. The unfortunate woman has been dead several weeks, and it is pretty well established that she has left no near relatives whose feelings need be considered in connection with the matter.

Sarah Gladstone belonged to that class of prostitutes called by the police "privateers." Her home was a small room in a tenement building, which she kept furnished with great neatness and taste. She was never the owner of drunken revels or ruly gambol, and, in fact, Sarah's visitors were so few that it was often said she had some private means of her own.

A month or so ago Sarah was taken ill. The fact was first discovered by a young man, a clerk who was in the habit of visiting her. He went to her room late one Saturday night, and found Sarah kneeling before the fire-place, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

The young man states that he endeavored to persuade her to tell him what was the trouble, but that she seemed bewildered, and persisted in passionate entreaties that he should leave the room. Her agitation increased, and finally, fearing the sound of her voice would attract attention, he was obliged to go away.

The following Sunday, feeling curiously interested in the state of the unhappy girl, he again went to her room. He found the door locked, and could gain no response to his knocks. On Monday evening he went to the same place. He knocked, and after waiting some time, she finally opened the door, and stated that he found her the picture of misery. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes bloodshot with tears, and her movements indicated extreme weakness. The following is his report of the conversation that took place:

"You are sick, Sarah," I said. "I will get a doctor, and you will be all right in a few days." "It's no use, Henry; nothing can save me; I've been ill, and I must go. My strength is obbing away fast, and by this day week I will be dead. I'm not sorry," she continued slowly, as if talking to herself, "my life has been a bitter, bitter struggle, and I want rest. But, oh God! she cried, starting to her feet and walking up and down the room, wringing her hands, "why should I be the one to die? I've never done anything to deserve my evil star. And now he takes my life. Curse him! curse him in hell forever!" She blushed these last words through her teeth with terrible emphasis, and sank on the sofa panting and exhausted.

I left her for a short time and procured two of my medical friends, and returned to the room. The remainder of the particulars connected with the girl's death are gathered from the physicians who attended her. They stated that they found the patient in a state of extreme lassitude on their arrival.

She seemed possessed with the idea that her death was approaching, and it was evident that she considered she had a supernatural intimation of the fact. She had been called, she frequently said, and knew she must go. "We could detect no specific ailment, and treated her as we considered best to allay nervous and mental excitement and to support the physical strength. On Monday and Thursday she seemed better, but on Friday alarming and most singular symptoms were developed."

It appears that on this evening, when the two doctors visited Sarah together, they found the young man, Henry, in the room. As they approached the bed they observed a change had occurred in the patient. Her eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and her cheeks were flushed with a crimson color. Otherwise, however, she appeared calm and self-controlled.

"Tell them, Henry, what I have told you," she said to the young man. He hesitated, and finally she continued: "This poor boy, doctors, won't believe me when I tell him I shall die to-night at 12 o'clock." Henry was weeping, and she said to him: "Were you fond of me, really?—fond of the way I've lived the last few days? Oh, Henry, God will bless you for your kindness and love to me."

She continued to talk rationally and affectionately to her young friend until about 10 o'clock, when she closed her eyes and appeared to sleep. The night was one unusually sultry and warm for April, and between 11 and 12 o'clock a thunder storm broke over the city. Sarah had continued to sleep for an hour, and except the whispering conversation of the three men the room had been quiet. A crash of thunder which shook the building startled her, and she suddenly sat up in bed. The physicians state that they approached and found her trembling violently. She caught hold of the arm of Dr. —, saying, "You are a good, strong, brave man; can't you save me? Why should a poor girl like me be persecuted in this way? I have been suffering all my life, and now I am dying at the bidding of this dark, stern man. Oh! save me, doctor! save me, for God himself has given me up!"

As she spoke she clutched the doctor's arm with desperation, and a fearful earnestness was expressed in her face. The young man Henry at this time, overcome by the scene, left the room. Sarah did not notice his departure, but continued to talk wildly at some coming peril. All at once, when the doctors were endeavoring to compose her and induce her to lie down, she turned her face toward the door and uttered a piercing shriek. In a moment she had become a raving maniac. Her eyes were fixed on the door as if they saw some terrible object there.

"So you've come," she said; "you've come, James Lennox, to complete your work. But I've got friends now. I am no longer at your control. Oh, how I hate you, you had, wicked, bloody-minded man! You ruined me body and soul, but now I'm free. Keep off, you damned villain!"

As she spoke she sprang out of bed and ran behind the physicians, shuddering and uttering to herself. They put their arms round her and lifted her into the bed again. She resisted like a wild beast, and seemed to think herself struggling with a deadly foe. She heaped imprecations on the heads of her haunting persecutor, and defied him to appear in the shape of an allying incubus to scenes in her past life. For more than half an hour she remained in this way, and then suddenly became quiet and seemingly composed.

Her eyes closed, and she seemed asleep. Her breathing became regular, but very low and faint, and her pulse fell alarmingly. In a little time she opened her eyes, and looking upon her attendants, smiled sweetly. She uttered something, and one of the doctors bent down, and says he heard the words, "It's almost morning now." They were the last words of Sarah Gladstone, for in ten minutes afterwards she was dead—and the clock was striking twelve.

Rev. John Weiss on Prayer.

This gentleman recently read an admirable essay on "False and True Praying," before the Radical Club, in Boston. Having described the various praying machines used in heathen countries, he said that when it was considered how laborous was most of the public praying in all countries, he thought these were the greatest labor-saving machines ever invented. Our public prayers are watered by a phraseology which might be learned by rote above, if the Infinite has an ear to tolerate it. But our false praying is not limited to this iteration of words repeated from books, or dropped from extemporaneous discourse. The whole modern theory of praying is vitiated by various suppositions; that heaven needs to be informed upon our public and domestic matters; that natural law may be modified or suspended at human entreaties; that certain gifts may be had for the asking, and not for the practicing; that our whole internal economy can be set on the invisible as by turning a faucet.

Mr. Weiss considered that the most fallacious and detrimental supposition as regards prayer, is the one that considers that the laws of Nature are not irrevocable. Human Nature learns from the impartiality of every year that God is not a respecter of persons; for the laws which bring rescue are incompetent to decide character. He brought striking illustrations to show that all the providence builds its law, nature and mankind create. Providence builds its own test theory upon its own impartiality. Prayer, like that of Stonewall Jackson before he went out to battle, is an involuntary gesture made by every strong mind that heaves itself up toward future enterprises. Both sides will pray, but the toughest temper wins. What a fine disdain there must be in heaven for all the prayers that undertake to coax laws and qualities into events! Devoutness is the announcement that every success makes of its superiority to prayer, and allows the epithet only after the fact. There is no praying possible to a man until he becomes again enough of a child not to calculate his raptures, and not to crave an equivalent. We can get a salad without growing it, just as often as we can get sanctities. Not a word need pass for praying. If there be real earnestness, that is prayer, because it is sincere desire to fulfill duty. Prayer is the perfect tendency of the finite toward the infinite, since it is by earnestness that the work of God goes on.

Dr. J. R. Newton's Reception in London.

It may be interesting to Americans, and especially to American Spiritualists, to learn that their countryman, Dr. J. R. Newton, will have by this time experienced a cordiality of welcome in England, such as the hospitality of Englishmen, and the enthusiasm of English Spiritualists, dispossess them so spontaneously to offer to a respected foreigner.

From letters just received from different friends in England are given these various particulars: One writing from Liverpool, under date of May 2d, says: "I am just preparing to set out for a tour through France, Prussia, and probably Russia. I take the afternoon train of to-day; I regret extremely that I will not be here when Dr. J. R. Newton arrives; he is expected on the 6th or 7th; but a 'reception' is being prepared for him by my friend, Mr. Wasen. All the leading Spiritualists in Liverpool, with Mr. Wasen as their chief, will take the Cunard steam tender and go down the Mersey as soon as the ocean steamer is telegraphed as being in the channel, and there, on English waters, will Dr. Newton receive his first hearty welcome to English shores."

Dr. Newton will likely be the guest of Mr. Wasen during his stay in Liverpool, thus at last implementing an invitation of nearly a year's standing.

The Austin Kent Fund.

Previous acknowledgments, \$50.00
O. Arms, Attica, Ind., sends us 2.00
"Cash," 2.00
Cephas B. Lyon, from the Salem Society of Spiritualists, 12.00
Prof. A. Esward, Savannah, Ga., 2.50
Mrs. J. Hastings, 1.00
Mrs. Moulton, Boston, 5.00
W. A., 5.00
C. D., 1.00
Total, \$80.50

We cordially thank the friends for so promptly responding to our call for aid for Austin Kent. May the blessings of heaven increase their store. In this connection we deem it appropriate to append the following letter:

WILLIAM WHITE & Co.—I notice in the Banner that Austin Kent is still in need of assistance. I sent him two dollars some time since, but that seems not to relieve him; and if your offer of five ten dollars is fairly started, I hope something permanent may be accomplished. Enclosed you will find an order for ten dollars, hoping others will do something in the same way. Respectfully yours, STACY TAYLOR. Crosswicks, Burlington Co., N. J.

A Duelist Warned.

When Don Enrique de Bourbon was on his way to the duel which proved fatal to him, he turned to one of the attendants and related the following story: There was an old woman to whom he had been in the habit of giving alms. One day, when he was passing out of church, this person met him, and, falling on her knees, begged him to hear her. Touched by the emotion she exhibited, he invited her to speak, never doubting that she had some request to make. She at once rose, and with the air of an inspired prophetess, said: "Monsieur, never fight a duel if you do, you will instantly be killed." "Till this day," added the Prince, "I had quite forgotten the prediction of the sorceress, (medium.) I know not what now brings it to my mind."

If this duelist had had the good sense to have heeded the warning of his spirit friends, which was given through that poor old woman who possessed the divine gift of mediumship, he would undoubtedly have escaped the doom that awaited him; or, had he obeyed the direct impression that recalled the warning so vividly while on his way to the fatal field, he would not be the unhappy soul he is to-day in spirit-land, separated, as he prematurely was, from his own temple of flesh.

Dr. W. Persons in Arkansas.

Dr. Persons, who has met with success in Texas, as a healer, opened an office at Hot Springs, Arkansas, on the 14th of May, and will remain there sixty days from that date. The afflicted should bear this in mind, and avail themselves of the rare opportunity of receiving his healing influence. He has effected many truly wonderful cures in Texas the past winter.

Phenomenal Spiritualism.

Davenport Cabinet and Dark Seances. Notwithstanding the persistent attacks made upon this branch of our faith, both by those interested parties...

We are in receipt of two papers published at Madison City, Wis., which give a detailed account of a seance given at that place Friday evening, May 7th, at City Hall.

The Davenport Brothers! Now we have got a subject we know nothing of, and we should very much like to see the person who does, except the above gentlemen themselves.

Many astonishing things were done that we could not account for, neither could the committee. After the cabinet performances had ended, a special "dark seance" was given to a limited number who obtained tickets at the door.

The other, the Wisconsin State Journal, says of the same seance: "The Davenport Mysteries.—Call them by what name you please, the performances of the Davenport Brothers, at the City Hall, last evening, were the most remarkable and wonderful of the kind ever witnessed here."

After several exhibitions of power, and the search of the committee for change in knots proving fruitless, the report says: "Again the door was closed, and in a brief space of time the Davenport, who had been shut up free, were found to be tied much more elaborately than by the committee."

A Mass Convention of the friends of short hours for labor was held at Horticultural Hall, Wednesday morning, afternoon and evening, May 18th, George E. McNeil presiding.

A Chicago woman says she has tried both, and being well dressed gives her more peace of mind than Orthodoxy.

The abundance of a miser is but poverty to him. This gentleman, whose mediocristic gift seems to cover a new ground of spiritual development, has an interesting article on our eighth page, detailing his experience in corresponding with West and Vandyke in spirit-life, through J. V. Mansfield.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Dr. Ditson's article in this number of the Banner, on Spirit Communism, closing with several excellent tests, is a valuable contribution, and we hope every one of our readers will give it a perusal.

We call attention to the card of the Mercantile Savings Institution, which may be found in our advertising columns. This Bank is more liberal to depositors than any other similar institution in the State of Massachusetts.

The fourth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists will be held on the 21st of June. See the call of the President, Dr. H. T. Child, which we print elsewhere.

Wm. Mungen, M. C., has our thanks for public documents. If Prof. Rohde, who has on exhibition in this city Chromo-Stereoscopic Paintings, or Mr. Chamberlain, his treasurer, had advertised in this paper, it would have been money in their treasury.

It is said that Eyre, the infamous commander of the steamer Bombay, evades the verdict of suspension by shipping as chief mate, while in reality he commands the steamer.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE and HUMAN NATURE for May have been received at this office, and will be sent by mail to any part of the United States and the British North American Provinces on receipt of price.

Prof. Peirce, of Cambridge, has a very favorable idea of his own profundity. At the late meeting of the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, being called on to read a promised paper, he declined, saying "that he had prepared a mathematical essay, but there were only three men in the academy who could understand it, and those were not present."

Ernest Renan was received with the warmest enthusiasm by the students of the University of Paris on his reelection to the Hebrew Professorship. No names were spared to make the Philadelphia hall-storm successful.

The consumption of albumen is enormous; in calico printing alone for fixing on cloth the new aniline colors, Alsace, in France, uses 150,000 kilograms, or about 330,000 pounds a year of egg albumen, representing 37,000,000 eggs, or the product of 250,000 hens.

London Human Nature informs us that Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, of New York, is expected back in London in a few months, as he has had earnest invitations to give lectures and hold seances in that country.

A REGULAR JUNE BUG—but a bug that won't hurt either vegetable or animal matter—the contrary it will aid the latter amazingly in the way of digestion, by exhilarating the calibrinary propensity. We refer to the June number of Yankee Notions, a quaint comical pictorial publication, issued monthly from 27 New Chambers street, New York, and sold by the American News Company, 121 Nassau street.

German astronomers assert that two stars—one in the constellation of the "Corona," and the other the "Etha Argus" (generally marked on astronomical charts by the Greek letter II)—have taken fire. Where's the Elder Grant?

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

Boston.—Mercantile Hall.—A very interesting and well-attended meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum was held at this hall Sunday morning, May 15th. Devotions and singing (in this quite an unusual number participated) enlivened the exercises, at the close of which, remarks were made by A. E. Carpenter and Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston.

On Thursday evening, May 12th, an entertainment was given at Mercantile Hall by the members of the Children's Lyceum, for its benefit. Two pieces (dramatic), "The greatest Plague of Life," and "School for Daughters," were presented with spirit, and instrumental and vocal music, tableaux and recitations completed the programme.

Temple Hall.—The regular convocations for spirit communion took place morning and afternoon at this hall, Sunday, May 15th, considerable interest being manifested. In the evening, Dr. John H. Currier addressed the Boston-street Spiritualist Association on "True Worship."

This place during the intermission of the circles, on Sunday, May 15th. Marching, singing, declamations by five children, a song by Miss George Gayvan, reading by Mrs. Dana, and answers to the question, "How shall we know a good person?" occupied the time. Attendance, 31.

A Grand Union Picnic.—We learn that a large number of the friends of the Lyceum movement are desirous that the different schools of the Children's Progressive Lyceums of Boston and vicinity should be brought together in some one of our Pleinle Groves, about the last of June or first of July.

CHARLESTOWN.—Washington Hall.—I. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, lectured at this hall, before the Spiritualist Association, afternoon and evening, Sunday, May 15th. Subject in the afternoon, "Truth;" in the evening, "Spiritual Influences."

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Harmony Hall.—The usual Lyceum exercises took place at this hall, Sunday morning, May 15th; singing, marching, declamations by three children, and answers to the question: "Of what use are the Scriptures to the Spiritualists?" completed the services.

CHELSEA.—Our neighbors in Chelsea having closed their very successful course of lectures, are up and moving to make their arrangements for the next season. Quite a large gathering of the Spiritualists met at the residence of B. T. Martin, Friday evening, the 13th. After interchanging views, an organization was perfected by choosing B. T. Martin, President; Dr. H. H. Crandon, Vice President, and Corresponding Secretary; Edward Wardwell, Sec'y; James S. Dodge, Treasurer; Dr. B. H. Crandon and B. T. Martin, Committee on Lectures; J. S. Dodge and D. E. Packard, Committee on Finance; J. W. Edmester and Joel E. Foster, Committee on Hall; L. H. Duxten and Mrs. J. S. Dodge, Committee on Music; B. T. Martin, Dr. B. H. Crandon, J. S. Dodge, J. W. Edmester, and L. H. Duxten, were chosen Executive Committee.

J. S. Dodge, the Treasurer, reported that all bills had been paid and there was a small balance to the credit of the Association. An additional fund was raised by those present, to be deposited to the credit of the Association, to meet any deficiencies that may occur the coming season. After a social good time, the company retired with the best feelings for the success of our glorious philosophy.

NEWTON BRIDGEWATER.—Prof. William Dutton addressed the Spiritualists at this place, on Sunday, May 15th. As is usual where he speaks, the utmost interest was evoked, and upwards of two hundred persons were obliged to go away from the place of meeting, not being able to gain an entrance on account of its already crowded state.

THE RADICAL for May contains an article on Walt Whitman, the poet, by a woman; a translation from Goethe, by John Weiss; an article on the Evidence of Spiritualism, by Hudson Tuttle, whose character need not be more particularly alluded to; a sermon on Immortality; "Mr. Abbott's Religion," by Watson, and some Diablotic verses by various authors. The Radical is fresh and vigorous, and takes hold mainly of topics that press on the minds of the reflective and wise.

PURMAN'S MONTHLY for May opens with a paper describing the trip "Down the Danube," and branches out with an article on the Birds of the North, the outlook of our English Literature, a "Woman's Right," the question of "a more readable Bible," an article on "Quaker Quirks," a suggestive discussion on what is just now interesting the public, viz., "Proportional Representation," and, with poetry and criticism, a readable batch of Editorial Notes and running sketches of literature at home and abroad. It is a readable number.

A WILLIAMS & CO. has for sale "THE CORRELATION OF VITAL AND PHYSICAL FORCES," by Prof. Barker, of Yale College. It is a suggestive pamphlet. A "SECULAR VIEW OF RELIGION IN THE STATE" is taken in a neat and timely pamphlet, by E. P. Harbat, which means a candid discussion of the interesting question of the Bible in the public schools. It is richly worth a careful perusal by both sides.

Y. A. Carr, M. D., author of a variety of publications of a scientific as well as a physical character, sends us the "PANCYCLIC VORLES UBER DEN MENSCHEN LEBEN," which we have not had an opportunity to examine, except so far as to discover some highly original spelling and a variety of opinions that require a patent diving-bell to get the muddy meaning out of. We return our thanks for the illuminating production.

Re-incarnation.

Much has been written upon the subject of re-incarnation by various writers, but to the present date there is nothing definite, and it seems to be a subject beyond the power of mortals to penetrate with any degree of satisfaction. The faint recollection of an individual is no proof—it may have been the very faint recollection of a dream, for all they may know to the contrary.

It is proclaimed from the other side that the idiot here of seventy years enters spirit-life as a child and grows up to man and womanhood; the time spent here is only lost time. This was the reply of a spirit through Emma Frances Jay, in the Millwaukee, some years ago, in answer to the question, "What of the idiot on the other side?" that the spirit failed to grow in knowledge here on account of its imperfect organization, but that it had the element of growth, and would expand and move onward in the scale of progress, and perfect itself in spirit life.

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There appears to be an increase of water on the Plains. It is said that the streams between the Sierra Nevada and Missouri have been steadily increasing in volume for some years past, and in many places there are now running streams, where twenty years ago there was not a drop of water. Denver was built on the banks of an extinct creek; it is now a stream crossed by bridges. The Huronian, the Royal Gorge, and other streams which were dry during the summer months, now flow constantly running with considerable volume. The Laramie plains, over which travelers had to carry water, are now pretty well supplied. Salt Lake is higher than it was seven years ago. In many places the streams have increased one-fourth in five years past, and in many more places where there were no streams—"all hail there they are!"

The National Woman Suffrage Association, at their meeting in New York last week, failing to unite with the American Association, joined itself to the Fifth Avenue Woman Suffrage Society, and took the name of the "Union Woman Suffrage Society," of which Theodore Tilton was elected President. The meeting was held at Apollo Hall, while the American Association met at Stelway Hall. At the latter Beecher presided, and Freeman Clarke, Lucy Stone, Mr. Beecher, Mrs. Livermore and others spoke, while the former has Clara Barton, Samuel E. Sewall and Parker Pillsbury among its officers.

From Spain, the latest telegrams state that Espartero has written a letter to Marshal Prim declining the candidacy for the crown on account of his great age. The Cortes has passed a bill authorizing civil marriages by a vote of 142 to 3. The powers continue to urge the settlement of the question of the throne, and the anxiety in political circles for the termination of the provisional status is daily increasing.

A Washington special says: "Nobody here, not even the Ways and Means Committee, expect the income tax will be left at five per cent. The House, without any doubt, will increase the exemption to two thousand dollars, and reduce the rate to three per cent."

The mails from Australia to England are now carried by the Pacific Railroad, beating the quickest Suez Canal time by three days. An infant prince was born on the 2d instant to the Princess Christian, or as she is better known, Princess Helena. No danger at this rate of the royal family of England dying out.

In California they are erecting an "earthquake-proof church." The roof is arranged on pillars that a distance of the earth will tilt the whole structure clear of the foundations, assuring the safety of the congregation.

Mme. Milek, a lecturer at Paris, was obliged to leave the platform because there was too much smoking among the audience. The chairman quietly said: "You see, gentlemen, what is taking place; you must smoke more moderately."

The American and Hungarian governments have agreed not to promulgate the dogma of infallibility if it is adopted by the Council. There was a severe shock of earthquake at the City of Mexico on the 11th inst.

Mr. Elkin Little, the founder and editor of the Living Age, died May 18th at his residence in Brookline, Mass. He was born at Burlington, N. J., Jan. 2, 1792, and for more than half a century has been identified with Journalism in this country.

It is now confidently stated that Mlle. Nilsson's tour in this country is to be managed by Mr. P. T. Barnum. Organ with voice; this is one of the invariable links in nature. The piano-forte is bright, sparkling, incisive; its clear-cut phrases represent well the movements of instrumental melody, but its contact with that finest organ, the human voice, is slight and momentary. Its tones may be likened to the microscopic stones that form a mosaic picture, in which you can have juxtaposition of color only; the separate hues may show lovely contrasts, but they never blend as do the same colors under the painter's brush.

Answers to Sealed Letters, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. Money returned when letters are not answered.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1102 Broadway, New York. M7. JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$3 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular. A9.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 90 cents per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK: A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cents. THE ILLINOIS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents. THE LYONIAN BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 25 cents per copy.

HERMAN SNOW, No. 319 KEARNEY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, At Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, etc. The Banner of Light can always be found on his counter. Catalogue and Circulars mailed free. May 1st—f

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NO ONE KNOWS. Though crime is busy in our land, And "error" stalks on every hand, A better country, say some, In politics men disagree, And they've a right to—so suppose, To think and act all men are free: A better country, say some, A better place to buy "Boss" clothes," Hat, shoes, Coat, Pants and Vest complete, There is no one knows than you, Corner of Bevan and Washington street.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in all cases in advance. For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion. Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 10 A. M. on Tuesdays.

MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION, No. 14 Summer street, Boston. (CORNER OF ARCH.)

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BEAUTIFUL EMBLEMS! DRAWN BY THE CONTROLLING GUIDE OF W. H. NUMBLER. ENCLOSE name of spirit friend in sealed envelope. Ad dress, with \$1.00 for emblem. W. H. NUMBLER, May 28—2w6s 47 West Springfield street, Boston.

MISS BLANCHE FOLEY, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, 63 Third Avenue, between 4th and 5th streets, New York. (Please ring first bell.) Hours, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Terms: Ladies, 75c; Gentlemen, \$1.00. May 29—3m

MRS. LITTLEJOHN, Medical, Business and Prophecy Clairvoyant, No. 354 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. 2w—May 28.

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MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium, Circles Tuesday and Sunday evenings and Wednesday afternoon, 97 Sudbury street, room No. 15. May 25-19.

MRS. E. A. HOWLAND, Clairvoyant, Business and Test Medium, and Psychometric Reader, will give sittings at 700 Washington street, Boston. Hours from 9 to 6. May 21-19.

MRS. MARYSHALL, Medium for spirit communication, 39 Edinboro street, Boston. Hours, 10 to 12, 3 to 5. May 25-19.

MRS. A. S. ELDRIDGE, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, 1 Oak st., Boston. Answering letters, \$1.00. May 25-19.

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, No. 8 Lagrange street, Boston. May 21-19.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 Dix Park (opposite Harvard street). Mar. 12.

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Miscellaneous.

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Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

By WARREN CHASE, No. 27 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

ANSWERS.

To the many friends who write us on the subject of free religion and our articles on that subject, always approving them and asking for more, we would say that, so far as we can learn, the liberal sentiment everywhere seems to be drifting into that channel.

There has evidently been a tendency among many Spiritualists to organize into societies with restrictions, and set themselves up as better than other parts of humanity, as Christians do; but the spirits have thus far prevented any success in that direction, and have ever encouraged the most free and liberal movements, and especially those that stand with open doors to collect, enlighten and save all those that are left out in the cold by the churches.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RELIGION.

The Index, we think, through its correspondence has proved conclusively that Mr. Lincoln was not a Christian, but the churches which are after his reputation, as they ever are after that of every popular man that dies, are not willing to give it up easily.

"R. H. H." of Brookfield, writing to the Springfield, Mass. Republican to correct the impression left by Mr. Herndon's letters, cites his asking the prayers of his neighbors and friends in Springfield, Ill., when he left for Washington to take the post assigned him by the nation.

LABOR STRIKES.

There seems to be no cessation to the strikes of various kinds of laborers and no advantage gained by them. We have watched for over a quarter of a century, and are unable to find any real and permanent advantage arising from strikes of laborers.

We have ever been opposed to strikes, and cannot sympathize with them, but on the other hand we see great chance for good and permanent improvement, by organizations of laborers and co-operative societies, composed of different trades.

ANOTHER DEPARTURE.

Minnie Waite, formerly of Vermont, late of Berlin Heights, O., unknown to fame and below a popular walk of pride and fashion, but with heart full of love and a hand ready to help, with aspiration, affection and devotion such as the angels can better appreciate than we of this cold earth-life, has gone over the river. It is several years since we saw her, and we know nothing of her departure from the form, but we do know she was better fitted for the other life than for this, and we do not regret the transition

of such when it occurs by natural law and in the ordinary events of life. We say ordinary events of life, for to us death is only one of them, and no longer to be considered as the end of life, but only as a removal from one society and locality to another, and in a great majority of cases to a far more favorable locality for development.

GOING BACK.

The Universalist says: "We are glad to believe that we are, as a denomination, becoming every year more soundly converted to God; and that means converted to a sense of our own need of God." It has long been observed by those who have watched them, that a large part of the Universalists have been growing more and more near to Orthodoxy, not especially to God; they always were all converted to God, but not to Orthodoxy; but of late many of them have been trying to fellowship and join the evangelical sects in their silly regard for the Bible, for church ceremonies, and their belief in the oneness of Jesus and Christ and the Holy Trinity, and Divine revelation in the Scripture. They seem to require only that the Orthodox should give up endless misery, which many of them are quite ready to do, as it is about "played out" - will not be swallowed by the people much longer.

"WHITHER ARE WE TENDING?"

The following letter, although not written for the public, we think is too good to be enjoyed by us alone, and take the liberty to give it to our readers:

Springfield, Ill., April 29, 1870. WARREN CHASE, Esq.: Dear Sir - I have been reading with much interest your article in the Banner headed "Whither are we tending," and think there is great truth in it. The spiritual body, Spiritualism has, it seems to me, thus far, reached a class who may not be termed "liberals." We speak in no disparaging sense, but in the future, to grasp a healthy power and influence, must not develop more of the religious element; it strikes me that we want less, want "chapters," churches, necessarily very plain, very simple, but beautiful within, dedicated to free religion, a church universal, where the Great Spirit can be worshipped without form or ceremony, but in spirit and truth. There seems to be a disposition with Spiritualists of means to devote some of their worldly store to this cause, and I am of opinion the healthy predominance of Spiritualism must come from a concentration of local influence in this direction. Spiritualism has hitherto unquestionably had something about it distasteful to religious minds. In these halls or chapels the second or less combative stage of Spiritualism might be pre-empted, and to those, in my opinion, should be given "Liberal" titles, titles of minds of whatever name or of no name, and thus an organization, an actuality, be effected that spiritualistic effort in the past has been quite destitute of. I should think in such a place a magnetic halo, an influx of friendliness might exist that would be attractive. Thus spiritual circles with such a nucleus to attract to them, they would improve, more seriousness and decorum would enter, more study and investigation into the character and office of mediumship would follow as a necessity, and thus a home influence be secured, without which no permanency in anything relating to the propagation or cause of religion can succeed. We are to do work, to say in regard to the past; its work has been well done; nobles have brushed away the rubbish, and they will still cling to the cause, their voice will be still heard. We are poor as a church mouse; would to God, so far as my present feelings are concerned, that I had the means to do just what I have indicated, should be done in every place in the land that deserves the name of town or city.

Henry Ward Beecher says that "the prime failing of free religion is that it requires men to live in a vacuum." We do not see any objection to that, since God lives in the same "vacuum" and out of all churches, and getting out of the Church might be getting nearer to God. We certainly shall be in no danger of being crowded nor suffocated as many are - spiritually - in the churches. Mr. Beecher has been a long time drifting consciously, or unconsciously, toward Spiritualism or free religion, and hence out of bondage and into the "vacuum."

School Matters in Kelley's Island.

A correspondent writing from Kelley's Island, Ohio, in regard to the sectarian teachings in the public schools, says: "A Congregational church was inaugurated here about four years ago, and has about sixty members. The spirit of the church is a healthy one this winter with this church on the school question. The reverend who presides over this church was unanimously selected as superintendent of the schools, he being a person eminently suitable and efficient for that position, the Spiritualists being as much in favor of him for this office as any one. It so happened whether by design or not I cannot say that every teacher was also a member of the church; and the first thing we knew prayers were introduced into all the schools. The Spiritualists here are not in favor of praying to God for things we can help ourselves to, nor do we expect Christ to save us from sins which we commit, and do not wish our children brought up with any such ideas in their heads, and were bound to break up this encroachment of their religious notions in our schools. Objections to prayers in school were sent in to the superintendent. He being a preacher did not like to say any thing against prayers, although warned several times that if continued it would break up the friendly relations existing between the church folks and Spiritualists. Prayers were persisted in all winter, but when the spring elections for school officers came the question was settled. The superintendent concluded the benefit arising from having prayers in school would not counterbalance the injury done to the school, and church, and the ill feeling it caused between neighbors, and came out squarely in favor of having no prayers in school hereafter. The old teachers nearly all resigned this spring, and new teachers were hired with the understanding that they are to have no prayers in school."

An Indian woman in California, one hundred years old, has declared, in a trance, that San Francisco is to be destroyed by an earthquake in 1873.

Answering of Sealed Letters by J. V. Mansfield.

Below will be found the reply of Benjamin West and Anthony Vandryke, in spirit life, to a letter addressed to them by M. Milleson, through the mediumship of J. V. Mansfield, of New York city. We would say, for the information of our readers, that we now have the original sealed letter in our possession - showing that it has never been opened since prepared - and we are assured by Mr. Milleson that it is correctly answered, as will be seen by his letter:

658 Broadway, N. Y., May 7th, 1870. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT - The following answer to a sealed letter was given through James V. Mansfield in my presence. I think that it is one of the most extraordinary specimens of spirit communication that I have ever seen. I feel assured the readers of the Banner will be pleased for the opportunity of seeing it.

DEAR CHARGE - We are most pleased to meet you as you are, and to see you face to face as it is permitted spirit life to mortals to talk. We rejoice to see you ready to go forth, with the work or mission given you. We have developed through your organism a very satisfactory state of things, so far as we are concerned, although there is yet much to be done.

The most striking development, or change, is noticeable in the intellectual department; other than the marked change in the form of the organism, we do not find the least change in the life. So be it fought into the "very wise ones" should take heed; "keep on in the even tenor of your way." They will recognize it as truth when they are developed up to the proper standpoint.

We can produce through your hand much that we cannot through any other medium. Your passiveness and spiritualism allow us to control you almost at will. Mr. West says "you stand A. I." Now as to giving likenesses of those recently passed to spirit-life, we more often fail than succeed. They do not seem to have strength sufficient to compose the electro-magnetic elements necessary to form the body that they are obliged to present to us for copying.

Those that have been in spirit-land many years, we seldom fail to represent. They are able to give always the peculiar expression of features as exhibited in earth-life, we should not be expected, for many of them we never beheld while on earth, and we are glad to see them in spirit-life as well as in the life here.

The one you have of Benjamin West is a fac simile, as we see him here. The upper portion of Thomas Paine's head you have a little too broad; the lower portion of the head and face very correct.

Ann Lee is very good, as she appears now. We are glad to see you ready to take orders for spirit portraits. We feel assured that we can control you quite reliably in a majority of cases. We do not say we may be able to give the exact features, as borne in earth-life, but sufficiently to have them recognized in most instances, therefore we have no hesitation in saying you are now passing through the "very wise ones" stage.

Now all the electrical emanations from the spirit-land, such as speaking, writing, or rapping, consist wholly in those electrical rays. They are the connections made between mortal magnetism and spirit magnetism, thus allowing a communication of thought between the two spheres.

The head and the center of the soul, the spirit; from that all thought emanates. The currents pass from right to left in circuits. You are rightfully impressed in that.

That was our intention. But what we say of that group will apply to all others, singly or collectively. The more advanced, the more intense of mental energy. The lower group of children are well represented; they are more than ordinarily intellectual.

We ask this, that others claiming the same names may not mislead themselves on the medium. Your Guides. BENJAMIN WEST. ANTHONY VANDRYKE. May 1, 1870.

Spiritualism in Maine.

The writer of this attended a meeting of Spiritualists at Cornville, Me., on Sunday, May 15th. There was a good attendance, and the audience seemed deeply interested. Mrs. Clara A. Field, of Newport, was the medium, and she delivered two very interesting lectures. In the forenoon the subject was upon the old doctrine of "Total Depravity," after which service the writer was called upon and made remarks in answer to the question, "What is True?" In the afternoon the subject of Mrs. Field's lecture was the "Inspiration of the Hour," and in our judgment, the lecture was a very able one. Mrs. Field is a fine medium, inspirational, and is doing a good work in this State. She is engaged to speak at Cornville one-fourth and at Charleston one-fourth of the time. Her services might be engaged for one-fourth more somewhere in the vicinity of the above-named places. After the afternoon services, remarks of an interesting nature were made by Rev. Samuel Woodman, a Mr. Mitchell, Samuel D. Arnold, Esq., of Skowhegan, and a very gifted lady, whose name I do not recollect. Spiritualism is the prevailing and popular doctrine on the Upper Kennebec, and the people rejoice in their liberation from old theological errors and traditions, and in the beautiful belief in the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man.

To the German Spiritualists of the United States.

The subscriber is desirous of obtaining the names of all German adherents of modern Spiritualism throughout the land, partly for the purpose of preparing a roll of honor of the strong-minded men and women, who, in spite of violent prejudices and a strong aversion of the mass of Germans to this doctrine, have shown sufficient courage to embrace the great truth of the nineteenth century, and partly to transmit to them interesting documents and to form an organization, calculated to spread spiritual ideas, and to be of service in the decisive contest - to all appearances not far off - between the hosts of darkness and the sons of light.

These names also of free thinkers, who are opposed to dogmatic atheism and shallow rationalism, and who have shown more or less interest in the investigation of spiritual phenomena, will be welcome. The name and place of residence (State and county not to be omitted) are sufficient, though any statements as to the progress of the cause in the writer's section of the country will be thankfully received.

Other spiritual papers will oblige the subscriber by copying this call. Address DR. P. L. SCHUCKING, Washington, D. C., May, 1870.

Most of the salad oils now brought into the market are made of cotton-seed oil, refined and bleached. Among all the substitutes for the genuine olive oil, none is better than cotton-seed, since we are able to get it fresh.

Indiana State Convention.

The Indiana State Spiritual Association will in accordance with a resolution passed at its last regular meeting, convene at a regular meeting at Masonic Hall, in the City of Indianapolis, at 10 o'clock A. M., Friday, June 3, and continue its sessions until the 10th of June, 1870.

For general information, the Executive Board deem it advisable to say that each organization desiring to be represented in the State will be entitled, and an additional one for every ten members exceeding 20. That each county in which there are no organized Societies is entitled to a representative equal to one Society of thirty members.

That each locality, where there is no organized Society, and having not less than four, and under ten, who are desirous of cooperating with the members of this Convention, will be entitled to a representative equal to one Society of thirty members.

The Executive Board have fully demonstrated the efficacy of missionary labor, in this and adjoining States, and the Executive Board request Societies to recommend suitable persons as they may be deemed suitable to perform local missionary duties, to be presented with certificates of character and ability. Each petition should come recommended by two persons residing near the field of labor of the applicant.

Arrangements have been made to have some eminent Lecturers and Mediums present, and nothing will be left undone to make the short session spent in Convention, interesting, instructive and beneficial to all who attend.

In conclusion, a cordial invitation to all liberal-minded, free-thinking people to join the deliberations of the Convention, and to be present in person, or by proxy, if unable to do so.

Freedom of thought, pertaining to religious subjects, is one of the chief objects of Spiritualism, and when it can be truly said that the mind is free, and seeks the truth as the natural result of investigation, instead of deriving it from preconceived notions and prejudices, the progress of the race, it is hoped that as many of our friends from abroad as can, will attend, and as business of great importance to friends in the State will come before the Convention, it is desirable that as many as possible can be present.

By order of the Executive Board of the Indiana State Spiritual Association, SAMUEL MAXWELL, Pres't. Attest: L. D. Wilson, Sec'y. No. 103 East Madison street, Indianapolis, Ind., May 13th, 1870.

Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of this Society will be held on Tuesday, the 21st of June, 1870, at 4 and 8 P. M., at Harmonial Hall, (11th and Wood streets,) in the City of Philadelphia. Friends of the cause, we do earnestly invite your attendance. Our missionaries are at work, but your cooperation is needed to prosecute the labor with greater success. There are thousands throughout our State suffering for the Gospel of Salvation. We earnestly urge you to meet the Society to meet the urgent call, if possible to give your presence at the approaching meeting, you would confer a favor by sending reports of the condition of the cause in your section, also contributions to the extent of your ability, to the Secretary, Miss Caroline A. Gilman, 1219 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Dakota County, Minn.

The Semi-Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists of Minnesota will be held at Farmington, Dakota Co., Minn., June 24th, 25th and 26th, 1870. All Spiritualists throughout the State are requested to attend. Arrangements are not yet perfected with the various railroad companies for return tickets, free, and we hope to secure the same. Delegates will repair to the telegraphic Hall, where they will be met by friends. Hall and entertainment free.

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